temporary label:
"R. A. B."
libretto

— Paul Mantray

"TABASCO."

CAST.

Bey of Tangier. ——————— (low comedy)

Grand Vizier. ——————— (baritone comedy)

Captain Marco, owner of a trading vessel. (high baritone or contralto)

Francois, the Bey's chef ——— (tenor comedy).

Major Domo. ——————— (basso profundo)

Favorita, the new slave. ——— (soprano)

Nopette, the belle of the harem. (contralto)

Lola, the sister of Marco. — (singing soubrette.)

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET

"T A B A S C O."

ACT 1.

SCENE 1. - - Square and quay in Tangier. Morning.

SCENE 2. - - Apartment of the Harem.

SCENE 3. - - Street in Tangier. Evening.

ACT 11.

SCENE 1. - - Room in Bey's Palace.

SCENE 2. - - Old street and walls of Tangier.

SCENE 3. - - Hall of "Tabasco."

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
E. A. BARNET

"TABASCO."

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

(Morning. Square and quay in front of Bey's Palace. Mooring posts back at L. C. and R. Extended view of harbor back. filled with boats. Vessel moored at post L. and unloading. Bey's Palace from No. 2 to No. 4. R. showing building and a very, broad low covered piazza. Two or three wide steps leading to the square. Esplanade or continuation of square running off No. 5. or 6 both R. L. From No. 2. and 4 continuation of square, or filled with booths. General morning activity unloading vessel and street life.)

OPENING CHORUS.

(Gradually disperse ——street life and movement. Marco and Lola come down from ship ——Marco counting money, during preceding businesshaving been seen selling his cargo.)

Lola.

Marco you are in luck this time. Your cargo sold well.

Marco.

Yes, but I am not happy with it all. (sighs)

Lola.

(making sport of him) And why? Are you in love?

Marco.

(starts and resents) Nothing of the sort! But I cannot help thinking of any pitying that beautiful slave we saw at Morocco. (Marco goes and stands up stage looking over the water until song.)

Lola.

Stop thinking of beautiful slaves. It is very wearing. (peeking in palace) I wonder if the Bey is around. I have never seen a Bey in my life. (enter Major Domo L. crossing to pal. —Lola pointing into pal.) Say, mister, is that the Bey talking with that lady in dark blue? (Work up description of Nopette's costume.)

M. D.

No, it is the Grand Vizier and Nopette the belle of the harem.

Lola.

That fright the belle? Are you the Bey?

M.D.

No, I'm the Major Domo.

Lola.

Oh! Where's the Bey?

M.D.

He's not come down. (going to palace exit)

Lola.

Well, call him down. (Major Domo at exit horrified) Major! you're a bird! (exeunt M. D. into pal. and Lola in ship) (Marco comes down.)

~~LOVE SONG — Marco.~~

(Enter from pal. Grand Vizier and Nopette)

G.V song No 2

~~Nopette~~.

And I may count upon the Grand Vizier?

G.V.

Up to a hundred.

Nopette.

How shall we work together in this conspiracy.

G.V.

Does Nopette wish me to furnish all the brains for the firm.

Nopette.

Certainly not! You can't do impossibilities.

G.V.

What are you conspiring for?

Nopette.

I hear the Bey has a new haren belle coming. I want to wring her neck. Let me see; your grievances are general are they not?

G.V.

Yes- I have taken a most unaccountable dislike to the Bey and I would like very much to kill him — when he isn't looking.

Nopette.

That's all there is to this conspiracy! There is no need of any contract, constitution, or by-laws.

G.V.

We simply do it! I see! Is there any necessity of our working together at all?

Nopette.

No, not any practical need, but it is conventional. It gives conspiracy its dramatic color. People expect it. Besides yousee if we were reserved in our plans we might conflict.

G.V.

Run up against each other. There's something to that. I never conspired before!

Nopette.

It's like going to the dentist, you like to have somebody with you. Sh! here's the Bey.

(G. V. Nopette go up stage. Enter from palace Court, Major Domo, Haren and chorus MUSIC to get people on and to lead up to Bey's song. ——— enter Bey.)

No 3 SONG - - - - - - - - - - - - Bey.

"What Other People Say."

In Tangier I'm the Bey - I am Monarch of the day ———
And my will it is my loving subjects law
I was born and bred to rule - I'm despotic never cool——
I am apt to grumble, reprimand and jaw.
For my victuals I like hot - and my prattle's polyglot ——
On the days when things are going t'other way,
Oh!'tis then I tear and roar-andI throw things on the floor
And I do not care what other people say.

I do not care what other people say,
I do not care what other people say,
I wear my "swallow tail" at noon and I eat pie with a spoon,
For I do not care a "darn" what people say.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET

Chorus.

He doesn't care what other people say,
He doesn't care what other people say,
He wears a "swallow tail" at noon and he eats pie with a spoon
For he doesn't care what other people say.

Bey.

How chilly it is this morning.

Grand Vizier.

Your highness, it's very warm, the thermometer is quoted at 102 1-8 bid with upward tendency.

Bey.

I said, how chilly it is this morning.

TABAC
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Nopette.

I hope the Grand Vizier does not pretend to tell his highness the state of the weather.

Bey.

Well, I should snicker! this is my country, this is my weather, and this is my morning and it is chilly!

G. V.

Your highness says it's chilly, and chilly goes.

Bey.

Chilly goes or you do! I can easily get another secretary of state (Dave Hill) would like the chance.

(Major Domo appears from palace and on piazza with mail pouch.)

M. D.

The mail has arrived your highness!

TABAC
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Bey.

Pass it along. Don't stand there sleeping like a messenger boy. Change your residence. Agitate yourself.

Nopette.

I hope there's a letter from home.

Bey.

(with letter looking at envelope)

Now I wonder who this is from?

Nopette.

Why don't you open it and see?

Bey.

Don't! Don't irritate me! You keep that up and you'll never know nor care whether you get a letter from home.

No 4. C H O R U S - - - "READING of the MAIL."

Bey - Grand Vizier - and Harem.

(During introduction Major Domo distributes letters and retires into palace.)

(Chorus first concerted, then several read musically extracts from letters, the Bey finishes his letter informing them of the instant arrival of a new member of the harem - a present from a neighboring Bey Dismay and anger among his harem. Chorus finishes in a vigorous protest - Nopette leading it.)

Bey.

Do you mean to say that I cannot keep my harem stock looking fresh and bright by a constant addition of novelties?

Nopette.

No, we don't! But we do mean to say that you can't "red-ticket" us and put us on a bargain counter!

Bey.

Great Sun! I'd like to know -----

Nopette.

If you would like to know we'll tell you! We've formed a trust haven't we girls?

Chorus.

(fortissimo and falsetto) Yes, we have!

Bey.

Don't! Don't! Anything annoys me it's a lot of screeching women. Let her do the talking (to Nopette) she can do it.

Nopette.

This slave does not belong to our union and she must not enter the harem.

Bey. (furious)

My sweet young Wellesley Graduate if you think you are running this monarchy, you are mistaken! If there is any intimidation I'll discharge and reorganize.

Nopette.

Don't you dare to bring that person here.

Bey. (taking stage)

You'll get me disturbed and annoyed if you keep on.

(Major Domo appears on piazza)

M. D.

Where will you have breakfast served your highness?

Bey.

Out here. I want air. I'm in a comfortable state to eat.

Nopette.

It's your own fault! Why didn't you let well enough alone

Bey.

Daisy Dimple! You make me dizzy! Can I stop a friend from sending me a present?

Nopette.

Before I get through, you'll wish he could send you the past.

(Bey and Grand Vizier go and sit at table on the piazza. Harem takes seats. Breakfast is laid and served. The party is entertained by street dancers or singers.)

DANCE - - - - Specialty.

(Dance over. Suddenly Bey throws things around generally)

Bey.

Who frapped these victuals? Send me the cook!

(Major Domo goes to call chef)

Bey.

I have never tasted such stuff. Vile! miserable, milk and watery! I want my food to sting and bite! I want some "snap" to my meals!

Nopette.

Why don't you try some fire-crackers?

(Harem try to pacify him. Enter Francois and assistants dancing from 5 R. as though coming from back part of palace.)

No 5

SONG - - - - - Francois and assistants.

TABARD
PROPERTY OF

" Song of the Chef."

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Chorus of cooks. (Entering from R. 5)

Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan- pan- pan!
Let us keep our fires aglow!
For a man must eat and tis heaven sends meat,
But the cooks are from below ——
Ho! Ho! The cooks are from below.

(Enter chef)

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan- pan- pan!
(keeps up until chef begins to sing.)

Chef. What means this riot here?
I ~~bet me~~ tell you lads you are cooks not cads,
And your chef's without a peer.

Chorus. Hear! Hear! Our chef's without a peer.

Chef. For I'm a chef of high degree,
With the biggest sort of salaree
And I always go with the family tree ——

Chorus. With the family tree he goes ——

Chef. My Menus are quite beyond compare

Chorus. Now Menu is French for a bill of fare —

Chef. And I call the claret "vin ordinaire"——

Chorus. As everybody knows.

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan- pan- pan!
Let us keep our fires aglow!
For a man must eat and 'tis heaven sends meat
But the cooks are from below.

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan- pan- pan!
(Keeps up until chef begins to sing.)

Chef. I as artist pose through the whole "diner"
From the "potage-clair" to the"pousse-cafe"
And a larded dream is my roast "poulet"

Chorus. Oh his "poulet" is divine!

Chef. I am famed for my "pot des haricots"——
That's French for a pot of beans you know
And there's "boeuf a la mode" and the "ris- de- veau!"

Chorus. Just hear the "Mounseer" talk!

Chef. They think I'm a pupil of Margery

Chorus. And that is as French as French can be,

Chef. And the more I say "la belle Paris"

Chorus. The less he'll look like Cork.

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty Pan- pan, pan! etc.

(During song Bey and household still on piazza. Bey still violent. Song over.)

Bey.

Are you the cook?

Francois.

No your highness, I am ze chef.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R A BARNET.

Bey.

What's the difference.

Francois.

400 shekles per week.

Bey.

What is this sickly feeble stuff you have given me for breakfast?

Fran.

Puree of Ammonia
Cayenne Pate
sauce a la vitriol.

Bey.

Do you think I am going to stand this diet?

Nopette.

Not unless you get a new fire pot in.

Fran.

(laughs) Zat is very good "ce drole."

Bey.

Another thing Frenchy, when I order "pomme du terre" I want more "pomme" and less "terre" understand?

Fran.

Oui Mounseer you do not want ze earth.

Nopette.

I am sure Francois did very well this morning.

Fran.

Oh merci! mademoiselle!

Harem.

We think the breakfast is delightful.

Fran.

(delighted) Oh, ladies!

R.A. BARNET

Bey.

Who asked for your opinion. You are making yourself just a bit too fresh. (to Nopette and Harem) Now run in the house and darn my stockings. (to Fran) As for you and your gang, bring me a dish that is hot, that bubbles, that boils as it goes down. Bring it to me before to-morrow or die!

(Exeunt Bey, Grand Vizier and Harem. Servants clear away breakfast)

MUSIC ——— (Refrain of "What Other People Say!"

Fran.

Why the divil didn't I make him some arsenic soup this morning.

Cook.

What's going to be done?

Fran.

Begorrah! what has been done is troublin me.

Cook.

Why you are not a Frenchman! You've lost your accent!

Fran.

Whin I lose my temper I lose my accent.

Cook.

Do you know of anything hot?

Fran.

(nodding his head) The Bey!

PROPERTY OF R. A. BARNET.

Cook.

You must get something for him.

Fran.

Or he'll get something for us ——— in the neck. To think that the end of my life is just at the beginning of my career.

(Ex. chef and assistants, utterly discouraged, singing Tin-tan! Tin-tan! etc., chorus in minor key ———music glides into bacarolle.)

Concealed Chorus - - - - - Bacarolle)

Curb.

T+R.

(Small vessel appears R. and moors at post R. Favorita closely veiled and attendants disembark. They treat her harshly. Chain her to post C. and proceed to find Bey. - enter palace)

Attendants.

Come here. No fooling. Here's your future home.

Fav.

Oh!spare me.

Oh I might as well stay. I may be able to gather some points. I wish you success.

Nopette.

Thanks. I may need some little aid - not skilled labor - but help on the heavy lifting. I am going to throw her overboard.

G. V.

Do you intend wringing her neck?

Nopette.

No! I shall scratch her eyes out, then she cannot see when she drowns.

G. V.

How considerate!

(Nopette attacks Favorita. Latter screams Marco the captain of vessel moored stage L. rushes from vessel and rescues Favorita. Grand Vizier and Nopette run off hurriedly)

Music?

Marco.

Sweet vision of loveliness do not tremble. I will protect you from all harm.

Favorita.

Oh, you will! I know that you will!

R. A. B[illegible]NET

Marco.

Lola, my sister, is with me on the boat. She will care for you as (sighs) I fear I do now. (enter Lola) Sister here is one whom I saved from an angry woman. Was she some relation?

Fav.

I do not know her. I am Favorita a slave sent as a present from the Bey of Morocco to the Bey of Tangier. I was sent hither in yonder ship and the attendants who brought me chained me to a post while they went to notify the Bey of our arrival. They may be here any minute so sir quickly conceal me.

Marco.

Go on board! (Fav. goes in ship) This is serious. They will return and finding her gone, will search every where and so my ship.

Lola.

Let us sail away, brother.

Marco.

We have not time.

Lola.

I have it. I will put Favorita in the clothes of one of our sailors - and send him ashore in hers. (exit Lola)

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Marco.

Oh woman! Woman! How often you get us out of a scrape.

Lola.

And how often we get you into one!

(Exit into ship - ALL ON except harem Nopette, Fav., Lola and Marco.)

Parker trumpet used

MUSIC

Bey.

(chuckling to attendants of Favorita) And you say she's a beauty! A Gem! Bring me the gem! (attendants go to post) Where's that harem of mine?

M. D.

They sent word they do not care to meet the person you expect this morning as she is not in their set.

Bey

Gee! That harem some day will make me lose my temper.

Attendant.

Your highness, some one has stolen the slave. We left her chained to yonder post and she is gone.

Bey.

Well I'll be switched to death if this day isn't going to be a corker for me! From what asylum for feeble minded youths were you graduated? To leave "a Gem" hitched to a post. You couldn't do any less for a jackass. Grand Vizier tie up these idiots and kill them with the cooks this evening.

G.V.

This evening, your highness.

Bey.

That's what I said "this evening" and don't annoy me any more or you'll get an invitation to the same party.

(One of the chorus who discovers slave on vessel.)

Why there's the slave your highness.

(Attendants go and get her and bring her down veiled.)

Bey.

(to chorus) What's your name?

TARASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Ricardo.

Bey.

Let me see, that's Tangier for Richard isn't it? Well, Richard, you have more intelligence, more brains than my entire Court and you ought to get a head.

Richard.

Where can I get a head?

Bey.

(disgusted) Richard, your first and bright remark was a flickering fluke! Go back in the ranks you belong to obscurity! Trot out the Gem!

CHORUS. No 7

(During the chorus the slave is unveiled and sailor is discovered as the slave. Bey orders sailor arrested. Sailor knocks down attendants and runs up back and jumps into water with a great splash. Marco is just casting off — Bey's subjects stop him and arrest the trio ——— Marco Favorita and Lola.)

Trio + Chorus dramatic

PICTURE

R. A. Ba[illegible]

(end of scene 1.)

"TABASCO."

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

ACT 1. SCENE 11.

"TABASCO."

ACT 1. SCENE 11.

(The Bath. Enter Nopette and Harem all talking very earnestly)

Nopette.

My cousin in Boston, she isn't my real cousin, but she would have been sort of a step-cousin, if a second cousin of mine had married her sister — but he didn't — she said that the way to rule a man was to sit on him.

Harem.

How lovely! Do all Boston girls do it?

Nopette.

Everytime they have the chance. But the "Boston sit" is intellectual. It is a mental depression.

Harem. (disappointed)

Oh!

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Nopette.

But girls I have a better plan. Listen!

Song and Chorus ------ Nopette and Harem.

Nopette.

I'll tell you my sisters a plan — plan — plan—
So you all can manage a man — man— man.
Be sweet and be yielding — or so let him think,
Give him plenty to eat and plenty to drink,
If you want a new bonnet ; entice!

Harem.

Entice!

TABISC
PROPERTY OF
A BARNET.

Nopette.

If you stick to that useful advice ——

Harem.

Advice!

Nopette.

You'll soon have a slave without cost without price.
You can rule him forever like that.

Harem.

How nice!

All.

The "lord of creation" is silly and weak
If you only know how to handle this freak
You'll laugh when you see how easily you can,
And thank kind heaven, you're woman, not man!

(song over)

Nopette.

Remember we are all made of lust, but man isn't worth anything unless he is made of gold dust.

(Enter Major Domo)

Major Domo.

The Bey sends his command for the harem to appear before him.

Harem.

All right! (All start to go Nopette stops them.)

Nopette.

Stop! Shame on you! (to Major Domo) Where is your command?

M. D.

The Bey sent a verbal command.

Nopette.

Show it to me! (with smile of satisfaction to harem) Oh! he cannot do it. (to Major Domo) Tell him who sent you: tell him you found the young ladies otherwise engaged.

Major Domo.

Shall I say anything about the old ladies?

(all rush at him - - he exits quickly)

Nopette.

The brute! Come girls let's take in the matinee and afterwards go to Hulyer's and get some ice cream soda.

Harem.

Oh, won't that be fun!

Nopette.

Fun! In Boston that is called dissipation.

——— D A N C E ———

R. A. BA

(exeunt R. and L. - - Change to scene III.)

"TABASCO."

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

ACT 1.

SCENE 111.

"TABASCO."

ACT 1. SCENE 111.

(Street in Tangier - view of water - Evening moonlight. Francois discovered seated up stage in Lime light.)

No 8.

SONG - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Francois.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Francois' Lament.

The shamrock blooms white by the Lakes o' Killarney,
An' swate are the bells on the banks o' the Lee,
The ivy is green on the castle o' Blarney,
But sorra a bit of it all is for me.

Why did I go roamin'
And lave my old home in
Sweet Erin "a cush la" dear land 'cross the say
Bad cess to that mornin'
Whin slightin' all warnin'
I left ye "a cush la" forivor and aye.

(Concealed chorus sing a few measures of "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" without accompaniment.)

The divil fly off wid me foolish ambition
Bad luck to the day that I left the Green Isle
Me ould mother's pigs were in better condition,
The darlins all died in an illigant style.

Why did I go roamin'
And lave my ould home in
Sweet Erin "a cush la" dear land 'cross the say
Bad cess to that mornin'
Whin slightin' all warnin'
I left ye "a cush la" foriver and aye.

(Concealed chorus sing a few measures of "St Patrick's Day" without accompaniment)
(Song over)

Francois.

Shure I niver knew before it was such an uncomfortable thing to die. Well we must all die sooner or later. Its always sooner - never later.
(Enter blindman with placard - Fran. reads placard.)
"Pity a poor blindman who was born deaf and dumb."
Faith he's worse off. He's dead and don't know it. How long have you been deaf my poor man?

Man.

About seven years come next Tuesday.

T.A.B.1506
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Fran.

Oh dear! and dumb as well I suppose.

Man.

Yes sir! (Fran. taking out alms drops a coin)

Fran.

And blind (man jumps and secures coin) You see nothing?

Man.

Not a thing.

Fran.

Here's my purse I'll not need it to morrow"

Man.

Thank you kindly. Let me reciprocate. (hands bottle of Tabasco sauce.)

Fran.

If you do I'll pound you.

Man.

Won't you take a bottle of my Tabasco sauce?

Fran.

I've had too much of your sauce already.

PROPERTY OF R. A. BARNET.

Man.

It is the hottest stuff this side of Hades.

Fran.

Hot! (tastes) Did you say—— (chokes)

Man.

Has it killed you?

Fran. (gasping)

No! It has saved my life. Bring all you have to Bey's Palace: back door. Run! Every minute you save is gold to you. (man exits) (Fran. holds up bottle) "Tabasco" how my heart warms towards you, likewise my throat and stomach!

(Fran. starts to go and Lola enters)
(She is escaping)

Lola.

Oh sir you wont give me up?

Fran.

If I had you Miss, the Sphinx couldn't make me give you up

Lola.

What an interesting creature!

Fran.

You're a stranger. You are not from these parts?

Lola.

I am a stranger.

PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Fran.

So am I. I'm from Ireland.

Lola.

Ireland! Oh I simply dote on Ireland!

Fran.

And Ireland dotes on you man.

Lola.

I always thought I was meant for an Irish woman!

Fran.

You're wrong! You were meant for an Irish man! (puts his arm about her.)

Lola.

And will you help me to get away from the Bey?

Fran.

Will I? I will! For what is a Bey? Webster's Dictionary informs me that "a bay is the arm of the sea". What is "an arm of the sea" against the arm of an Irishman! (bus)

DUET - - - Francois and Lola.

Lola.

I bid my heart no longer wait, 2/4
You are its fortune and its fate.

Fran.

You make my heart a lighter weight
And you have my fortune at your "fate."

Lola.

If we are parted you'll not fail,
To write me dear by every mail.

Fran.

Yis! Just to tell the love I fale,
That fills me like a good square male.

Together.

Oh! what rapture! Oh! what joy!

Fran.

You are my girl.

Lola.

You are my boy!

PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET

Together.

And like to birdies in a tree,
Come song and mirth for you and me.

- - -D A N C E. - - -

(Exeunt song over).
(Enter from opposite direction, Marco and Fav. - and Grand Vizier and Nopette.

(Each couple in earnest conversation. Do not see each other until they meet at C. Grand Vizier and Nopette recognise Fav. immediately face about and hasten out and return with men and arrest Fav. Marco and Lola at cue as below.)

Lola (re-enter)

(talking very rapidly) Oh I've found such a lovely fellow. He's the chef at the Bey's Palace. He is just as nice as he can be - he is going to help us - yes he has just gone to cook the Bey's supper and then he'll escort us out of town. He is simply perfect! Such a gentleman! His stage name is Francois but his real name is Mike! And ——

(The arrest. Rush prisoners off. Enter Bey and Court.)

Bey.

What is this disturbance?

G. V.

The prisoners arrested this morning were trying to escape. I have just re-arrested them.

Bey.

You never could arrest my attention - alone - who helped you?

Nopette.

I did your highness, I wanted to please you.

Bey.

Well what is it - a new bonnet or a sealskin sack?

Nopette (very tenderly)

I want nothing. I only want to see you smile!

(Bey smiles a very sick, feeble smile)

Bey.

There you've been paid. Give me a receipt.

Nopette.

Nobody wants a receipt for that smile.

(Music pp, Tin-tan! Tin-tan! etc., —— Enter Fran. and cooks and form line from Boy up stage.)

Boy.

(soliloquizing) I have my slave back again but somehow I am not tickled to death about it. Miss Nopette takes too much interest in the affair. Nopette is no disinterested birdling. (cooks kneel in line up from stage) She always plays marbles for"keeps." she ——(discovers cooks) Hello! Well, do you live or die this evening?

Fran.

We live, your hotness! (to cooks) Serve the Tabasco Sauce.

(Fran on his knee before the Boy. Cooks in a line up and down stage. The cook farthest up stage has the dish. Passes it along first very slowly)

Boy.

Hurry up! Your Lanson Store service needs oiling!

(Fran. hands dish to Boy)

Fran.

Oh Boy! You are "hot stuff" but here's your twin!

(Boy drinks and gags - all rush and pound him on the back - he has a terrible spasm.)

Boy.

Gosh! but that's good! It's great! But oh, this is what I've been longing for. Anything in the world is yours. If you don't see it, ask for it! What is the name of these goods?

Fran.

Tabasco.

Bey.

Tabasco? I make you Duke of Tabasco. To-day shall be known as St. Tabasco's Day. Next year we'll have a procession. I'll call the next new hotel "Tabasco". My newly returned slave shall be christened "Tabasco." Let the fireworks "tabasco." Let the music "tabasco!" We'll have a regular "tabasco"time!

F I N A L E - - - C H O R U S.

Dancing — electric and calcium effects — illuminated boat scene —— Fireworks.

End of Act 1.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

"TABASCO."

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

"TABASCO."

ACT II. SCENE 1.

(Room in Bey's Palace in 3. Opening L. and R. back open corridor with pillars. Haren discovered led by Nopette stealthily searching for Fay. Lyric tells the story. Half light.)

OPENING CHORUS — Nopette and Haren.

(Enter Bey.)

Bey.

What have you lost?

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Nopette.

Our peace of mind.

Bey.

If you continue to annoy me I'll give you piece of mine. What is the matter with you girls lately. You need a spring tonic! You're not looking well.

Nopette.

We are not! If we had looked well we had found her.

Bey.

Who is "her."

Nopette.

"Who is her" is ungrammatical!

Bey.

Who is "her" is business! "Ungrammatical!" I've half a mind to send you back to Boston. Remember I can do it. I'm Bey!

Nopette.

Do it. Send me to my first love the Bay of Massachusetts

Bey.

(derisively, same as one would say "rats.") Oh, Beans! (pointing towards exit) I would commune with myself!

(Nopette and harem exeunt singing refrain of opening song.)

Bey.

It's strange how irritating women can be sometimes - I've seen the non-arrival of an Easter bonnet make me feel more bilious and that I had less to live for than when I had the yellow jaundice! Now to see my "gem!" (Bey brings Fav. from room) Chicago! I should say Fair one trouble not. By the way what is your family name.

Fav.

I'm called Favorita!

R. A. Ba[illegible]

Bey.

(During following speech Fav. appears horribly bored Pays no attention to the Bey's conversation. Looks anxiously about) Not by me! You'll be called "Tabasco" Anything I like I call "Tabasco." (Fav. excessively bored) I called Uncle Tom Gin "Tabasco." now. (Bey laughs mildly - - Fav. does not move a muscle) Beautiful weather we've been having. (pause) Did you take in the Columbian Exposition? (pause) (Fav. looking about) Do you feel a draught or are you expecting somebody?

Fav.

Oh your highness pity me! I am so lonely - Let me see my brother Marco and my sisterIola.

Bey.

(calls Major Domo) Why certainly! Is that all you want. (sends M. D.) Send Capt. Marco and his sister Lola! I didn't know they were your brother and sister? How long have they been your brother and sister? (Fav. simply gazes at him.) Why how stupid I am. (aside) No hotel clerk could make me feel so small and unimportant as that girl does.

(Enter simultaneously Marco R. and Major Domo L.)

M. D.

Duke of Tabasco is below and desires to see your highness.

(Marco goes to C. and embraces Fav. Exit Boy at exit C. B.)

Marco.

(rapturously) My darling!

Boy.

What a united family! I wish she would be a sister to me. Can she be deceiving me? (shaking head as if in doubt - and exits through corridor.)

Fav.

This is joy indeed.

R. A. BA

Marco.

'Tis hapiness itself.

L O V E – D U E T.

Marco and Fav.

Fav.

My love it seems years since we parted.

Marco.

'Twas only last night.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET

Fav.

Time halts when you are away.

Marco.

But it flies when we are together.

(Enter Fran. and Lola embracing each other)

Lola.

There are no flies on us.

Fav.

Lola! How did you come here?

Lola.

I was just released by the Bey.

Fran.

And was rearrested by the Duke of Tabasco.

Marco and Fav.

Duke of Tabasco! Who is he?

Fran.

"Duke of Tabasco!"

Fran.

I'm the Duke and here is the Duchess that is to be.

Lola.

And Michael is to help us to get away from here.

Marco and Fav.

Michael! Who is he?

Fran.

"Michael!" I'm Michael! and to night the Bey gives a ball in honor of Tabasco and he says to me, says he, "Francois can have any wish he wishes."

Marco and Fav.

Francois! Who is he?

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Fran.

I"m Francois and I'm going to ask for your pardon (to Marco and Fav.) and also for my fiancee.

Marco and Fav.

Fiancee! Who is he?

Lola.

"Fiancee!" It's no "he." I'm "fiancee" and I'm a daisy - aint I Mike?

(Nopette and G. V. appear at opening up stage and overhear next speech.)

Fran.

"Daisy!" You are a Chrysanthemum. But whisper! kings young ladies and politicians after election, sometimes forget their promises. The Bey has promised me anything I ask for, but I may not get it: so go you (to Marco and Fav.) to the Plaza called Chatham to the house of Moses the pedlar and get a disguise he'll give you. Walk the streets till you hear from me. If all goes well, I'll

send for ye to come to the palace - if not: with your disguise you can leave the town and we'll (embracing Lola) go with you.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

SEXTETTE

Marco - Fav - Fran - Lola - Grand Vizier - and Nopette.

(descriptive of the situation with dancing movement.)

(Grand Vizier and Nopette up stage and other couples down R. and L. and exeunt on closing strains —— marked rhythm —— capable of giving opportunity for an odd dancing step.)

(enter Bey and Major Domo.)

Bey.

(bus) I've just been practising on the paralled bars. How much better you feel after working the bars - on the bars. Gymnasiums are great things to strengthen muscles and prolong life.

M.D.

Your highness! Our ancestors had no gymnasiums.

Bey.

Yes, and look at 'em! They're all dead! Why Major I knew a man who thought if you simply ate oatmeal you could lift a horse. He ate it - went to the bank tried to lift a note (an oat) and failed!

(Bey laughs little M. D. looks blank)

Bey.

Then he went to London worked in a gymnasium six months ——— sweeping out ——— and he lifted fifteen hundred pounds ——— sterling.

(Bey laughs immoderately M. D. does not see the joke.)

M. D.

He must have been a very strong man your highness. Was his name Sandow?

Bey.

(furious) Major you are a gibbering idiot. I was jesting! An absolute Monarch's jokes are always seen anticipated and laughed at. The next time I jest you laugh! Now see if you can find the Duke of Tabasco. I am tired waiting for him. (exit M. D. ----- Bey looking after him.) Nothing is so depressing as a damn fool!

TABASCO
PROPERTY
R. A. BARNET

SONGS and SPECIALTIES ——————— Bey.

(re-enter M. D")

M. D.

Oh, your highness - your slave has escaped again!

Bey.

(agitated) Again! She's worse than the measles for breaking out. Call me a cab.

(M. D. goes up to Bey and says to him)

M. D.

Cab?

(Bey turns quickly and looks puzzled)

Bey.

What are you doing?

M.D.

You told me to call you a cab and I've called you one .

(Bey shows by uplifted hands and gestures that that is too much for him ——— exeunt.)

(change to scene 11.)

PROPERTY OF R. A. BARNET

"TABASCO."

R. A. BA[illegible]ET

ACT II.

SCENE II.

"TABASCO."

ACT 11. SCENE 11.

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. [illegible]

(Street scene in Tangier ——— Old Street showing walls of town etc., made picturesque by booths etc. Make street life realistic and effective with "bits" of local color.)

OPENING CHORUS.

(Come down from out of crowd Marco and Fav. Former disguised as a letter writer ——— latter as a flower girl)

Fav.

I'm so nervous. Did you see those two pedlars following us?

Marco.

(arranges writing table) Nonsense my love. No one is following us. They would not recognize us if they did.

Fav.

(running to Marco's arms) (screams) There's the Boy and he's coming here! He's furious! Oh, I shall faint!

Marco.

Courage! You are a simple flower girl. Call your wares!

(enter Bey)

(very timidly) Flowers! Sweet Flowers!

Marco.

Love letters written with despatch and fervor!
Valentines addressed!

Fav.

(with more confidence) Flowers! Sweet sir!
Buy my flowers!

Bey.

Buy nothing! (Fav. shrinks from him) Can't you see things do not look flowery to me to-day? Have you a license to peddle?

(Fav. very much afraid ——— Marco motions for her to say "yes.")

Fav.

Yes sir.

PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Bey.

(looking at her intently) You look damn familiar, excuse me for saying "damn" ——— but in my present mood profanity is my only solace. (savagely)

You haven't any relative by the name of Favorita.

Fav.

(trembling) No - No - No - No - No sir!

Bey.

You "no" too much perhaps. You're not a brother or sister to anybody?

Fav.

(very quickly) Oh, no sir! (Marco corrects her) Oh, yes sir! There's my sister ——my brother.

(Fav. who has been told by Marco to do it goes up and begins placing flower in Bey's buttonhole. Tries to smile upon him.)

Bey.

Are you in the chorus? I mean, it seems as though I had seen you before. (Bey during speech gets impressed and pleased with her attentions —— —— chucks herunder the chin) Look in the Herald personal column to-morrow. I will sign "violets." (going off) It's remarkable how popular I am with the ladies." (exit)

Fav.

(collapses) Oh Marco! If he had stayed a minute longer I should have fainted.

Marco.

Courage dear! Courage!

TARASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BAIRD

Fav.

Here come those two pedlars. I am sure they are following us.

Marco.

What a silly little thing you are! Even if they are (embracing her) you can't blame them dear, you are looking so charming.

(Enter Nopette and Grand Vizier disguised as street fakers.)

DUET —————— Street Fakers.

G. V.

Now what are you working up?

Nopette.

I'm on her track!

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

G. V.

Then there be a collision.

Nopette.

Our conspiracy is now an assured success.

G. V.

(speaking rapidly and decidedly) That's a box office notice! See here, I don't think much of this conspiracy "combine" Here I have been conspiring —— several times get things fixed and you say wait till I "fix" that Faverita. (disgusted) Wait! (very earnestly) Young woman! this is no stand off! I'm not in this conspiracy for soap! money! moss-agates! marbles! or fun! I'm in it for business!! b-i-z-n-u-s. You said in the first act before most of the people were here "Let us conspire together." I said, "Is there any need of being together." (turning quickly to prompt side) Didn't I?

(voice outside)

That's right!

G. V.

See! Now if you had let me alone I would have killed the Bey before the curtain rang up! No Bey! No play! I would have had my revenge and blessings of a (gesture towards audience) suffering public - if I had been alone. But I wasn't. We have a conspiracy — not with em — but together — and? —— we haven't "spired" a blamed thing!

Nopette.

Be patient a little while longer!

G.V.

You make me sick when you say "be patient." I have decided to "star" under my own management.

Nopette.

Oh wait, I think you might.

G. V.

I dynamite! (dinna might) (holding up box.)

Nopette.

That Scotch joke would "queer" any conspiracy.

G. V.

It's going to "queer" this one. To-day is St. Valentine's. I'm going to send the Boy a valentine.

Nopette.

A comic one?

PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET

G. V.

(nods head) It will break him all up - it's full of dynamite! I want somebody to address it. Oh, there's a letter writer. (going towards him) Now you will see what I can do alone. (goes up to Marco) I want this addressed and sent to ———

(Nopette has recognized Fav. and Marco without saying anything she grabs G. V. and pulls him off. He tries unsuccessfully to free himself as he exits.)

G. V.

Let me alone —— sent to the ——— see here! No, no not the "sea here" but the Boy. Understand? (exit)

Fav.

Oh Marco, that's Nopette we are surely discovered. Let's fly.

Marco.

No, we must wait for Francois as we promised. Have no

fear.

Fav.

Here's the Bey returning! We're surely lost now!

(enter Bey)

Bey.

Here is a ray of sunlight in the gathered gloom of the day I've got the best comic valentine to send to the Grand Vizier to call him down. It's a corker. (to Marco) Just address and send this to the Grand Vizier. (to exit chuckling) He will simply writhe when he sees it. It's a couple of jackasses and underneath in red letters it says, "When shall we three meet again." He's so proud and sensitive, it will kill him. It's such an original idea. (exit)

Marco.

See my dear you are safe and look here's Francois and Lola

(enter Fran. and Lola —— Fav. goes up to them. —— Marco calls a street gamin)

Fav.

(very coquettishly) Flowers!

Fran.

What a beautiful creature!

R. A. BARNET

Lola.

(jealous) Mike!

(Fav. bursts out laughing —— They recognize her. The trio shakehands.)

Fran.

Where's Marco.

(Fav. points to where he is. He is evidently nonplussed over the boxes. They are both alike and he doesn't know which to address to the Bey - which for the Grand

Vizier)

Marco.

Favorita.! do you think you know which of these boxes is which?

Fav.

No dear - but look who's here! It's the only business he has had —— it bothers him.

Marco.

(addresses them) I'll chance it. (writes) (sends boxes by street gamin and comes down) Oh, welcome dear friends! (shakes hands with Francois and kisses Lola)

QUARTETTE.

Marco - Fran. - Fav. - and Lola.

Marco.

How's our future Francois? Blooming?

Fran.

All well. The Boy is provoked but my influence over him is wonderful. I'm the "fad." I'm the hero of the hour. "Tabasco" is everything —— everything. The Tabasco Ball in the Tabasco Hall by the Tabasco ballet to-night will be one of the wonders of the age. The Duke of Tabasco is all powerful. (enter Nopette and Grand Vizier with soldiers) My influence isgreat and universal (arrest of Fav. and Marco. Fran. tries to prevent arrest and is repulsed —— exeunt omnes except Fran. and Lola.)

Lola.

Where was your influence?

Fran.

But my darling, influence is a shy creature. It comes and goes.

Lola.

I saw it going!

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

Fran.

All will be well! Give me time.

Lola.

That's what I'm afraid they'll give my brother.

Fran.

Come dear, when you said that little word that made me the happiest man in all the world, you trusted me. Is my credit all gone?

Lola.

(smiling and in his arms.) Mike, there's something about you that I can't resist.

Fran.

Darling, there's something about yourself (drawing attention to his arms being about her waist) that you can't resist. (hugs her.)

DUET.

SPECIALTIES.

Francois and Lola.

(change to scene III.)

"TABASCO."

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

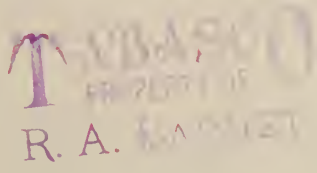
ACT II.

SCENE III.

"TABASCO."

ACT 11. SCENE 111.

Hall of "Tabasco."



a. BALLET.

b. SPECIALTY.

c. SPECIALTY.

(ballet and specialties over)

G R A N D V O C A L M A R C H

—— " T A B A S C O." ——

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET.

(Enter of Court. After all in enter of Bey, Nopette and Harem —— Bey seats himself on the throne)

(enter Major Domo)

M, D.

His highness, Duke of Tabasco.

(enter Fran. and Lola in gorgeous attire with attendants.)

Fran.

(speaking coming down) And her highness Duchess of Tabasco. (kneeling at throne.) Popper, your blessing.

Bey.

(bus of counting as children do in games) Eenty —— meenty —— monty —— my —— tusca —— lona —— bona —— stry —— Kay —— bell —— broken —— well —— we! —— wo! whack! Is there anything else Duke? No trouble to show goods!

Fran.

You promised me to-night your "Beyness" anything I like!

Bey.

What will you take, the same?

Fran.

Release Favorita and Marco.

Bey.

You ask me much but I'll keep my word thought it makes me writhe —— Excuse me while I writhe. (turns back to audience —— short business) (to Major Domo) Elongate Favorita and Marco!

M. D.

I don't understand, your highness!

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A.

Bey.

Let them out! (exit M. D.)

Nopette.

Oh sire, may I hope when she's away to be again your "popsey wopsey?"

(enter Marco and Favorita.)

Bey.

Perhapsy ——wapsy! (to Marco and Favorita) You're free ——you're both pardoned! Favorita, I did think once that you would be my valentine, but I'm left.

Nopette.

Not entirely ——you have Tabasco and me.

Bey.

Both can make it hot for me.

(enter M. D. and comes down with box for Bey.)

M. D.

A valentine, your highness!

Nopette.

(alarmed and grabs the Bey) Great Heaven it's the Vizier's. Oh, do not open it! I beseech you to listen to me!

(Bey throws her from him —— She falls on her knees —— picture of despair —— puts her hands to her ears —— Bey opens box during speech ——work this business up)

Bey.

Birdie Othello there you are —— jealous again! Perhaps I have some unknown admirer —— some mysterious "mash." Hello! what's this! My valentine for the Grand Vizier! What did the Grand Vizier get?

Nopette.

I know not sire! But I do know that he intended that you should receive a box of dynamite for you valentine.

Marco.

I can explain! I was the letter writer that addressed both the boxes —— they were alike —— I must have made a mistake.

Bey.

(delighted —— shakes hands with Marco and joins his hands with Favorita's) (generally shaking hands and embracing people) Not at all my boy! You made no mistake. The Grand Vizier made themistake! Has any one heard if he's got his valentine?

(explosion outside.)

Bey.

I've heard! He's got it! Favorita I knew you would bring happiness to me. Youand Marco have been the means of saving my life. Bless you my children!

TABASCO
PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNET

—— F I N A L E ——

PROPERTY OF
R. A. BARNES.

temporary label:

"BROWN BOUND"

libretto

– Paul Mantfray

Burlesque Opera

"TABASCO."

by

R. A. BARNET.

Burlesque Opera

"TABASCO."

by

R. A. BARNET.

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"TABASCO."

Cast.

Dennis O'Grady afterwards Francois.

Hot-heddam Pasha, Bey of Tangiers.

Marco, A Spanish Trader.

Ben-Hidden, Grand Vizier.

Exhausted Hawkins.

Dusty Rhodes.

Ambassador.

Attendant.

Ben-Abe-Ab-Der-U-Hassem.

Fatima. The Beautiful Slave.

Hasbeena. A Third Term Harem Favorite.

Saidee Hassem.

Lola, Marco's Sister.

——— ƀOo ———

"TABASCO."

Act 1.

Square and quay at Tangiers.

Act 11.

Scene 1. The Palace Garden.

Scene 2. The Bey's Palace, Tangiers.

——— oOo ———

"TABASCO."

Act 1.

"TABASCO."

Act 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

(Enter Exhausted Hawkins and Dusty Rhodes with bags containing bottles of Tabasco Sauce.)

Hawkins.

What does it remind you of Dusty?

Dusty.

The midway!

Hawkins.

(offering Tabasco sauce) There you have it! The most marvellous discovery of the age, Tabasco! Cures anything from hams to that tired feeling!

Dusty.

(Also offering Tabasco sauce) It is also a first class furniture polish!

Hawkins.

And as a lighting exradicator it will knock the spots out of a leopard.

Dusty.

Remember this is not a patent medicine but a private prescription of his Royal Majesty the Cuspidore of Swat!

Hawkins.

It is also highly recommended by such eminent people as the Arcade of Alcovzar and the Bovzaar of Casino.

Crowd.

Oh get out! Bah! Ha! Ha! Move on! Nonsense! etc.etc.

Hawkins.

No use Dusty old pard. Can't sell it at any price.

Dusty.

May be hot stuff but it's a frost!

Hawkins.

Yesterday as we were walking along the Beach looking for work, with our eyes shut, and that box of Tabasco floated ashore at our feet, I thought we were going to get a head. (working clothes) Dusty, I'm going into a decline!

Dusty.

I haven't been asked yet. Hush! I've got an idea!

Hawkins.

Come in here and get rid of it.

(Exit tramps into Inn)

Lola.

(off) Ola! Ola! (enter R. U. E.) Ah Senoras y senoritas! (come down steps) Ven aca! (at C.) (Ven aca" is Spanish and means (stamps foot) Come here! (crowd come) Look at these beautiful Cadiz laces, nine piastres! They are really worth six piastres but as it is bargain day- I'll letyou have them for nine. (crowd gather around and buy—retire) Bueno! All gone! Lola the Andalusia maid may look simple but commercially she is a pajarito —— she's a bird!

S o n g ———— Lola.

(enter Marco.)

Lola.

I've sold everything and here's the money. What is your name?

Sad. H.

Saidee Hassem!

Lola.

Do you often has 'em bad? (exit Sad. H.) Oh those lovely soldiers! Next to a new bonnet there's nothing a woman loves so much as a soldier!

Marco.

I've got past the age when wooden soldiers can make me happy!

Lola.

Oh dear! Are we in love?

Marco.

Nothing of the sort! Can't a fellow look sober and thoughtful —— and

Lola.

Silly!

Marco.

Lola you are not funny!

Lola.

But you are!

Marco.

Our good luck of to-day only shows up the bad luck of others! That's why I'm sad. You saw the lovely slave

chained on board the vessel that we passed yesterday. Fortune was not smiling on her. I pity her so much I cannot get her out of my head.

Lola.

Oh yes you can, you've got her into your heart! Marco stop thinking of beautiful slaves. There's no money in it and it's wearing!

Marco.

Curse my ill luck!

Lola.

That's wearing too! I do so love the military! I think you are just too sweet for anything.

(Enter Hawkins and Dusty Rhodes eating sandwiches.)

Hawkins.

(to Marco) Pardon me sir! We are introducing a new and delightful compound. May we trespass upon your valuable time to show you the goods.

Marco.

No!

Dusty.

(throws sandwich ——Hawkins catches it in the bag) (to Lola) Pardon me lady! We are introducing a new and delightful compound. May we trespass upon your valuable :—

Lola.

No! Oh that fat soldier upon the end.

(Enter deaf and dumb man)

Hawkins.

(to deaf and dumb man) Now then sir! Don't forget the little ones at home, only one dime!

Dusty.

As a special inducement for to-day only I am offering the same goods at half the money!

Hawkins.

Remember we have no connection with the establishment across the street. Come to head quarters and obtain the genuine article at ten cents or three bottles for five.

(Business of deaf and dumb man showing placard))

Crowd.

Ha! Ha!

Hawkins.

That's right! Have a laugh with us! It is the only thing you can have at our expense.

Hawkins and Dusty.

We repudiate you!

Crowd.

What!

Dusty.

(takes out small American flag) Stand back! We are under the protection of the American flag.

(Crowd retire.)

(Exit tramps L, I. E.)

(Flourish R. I. E. off ''—— enter page)

Page.

Room for his Excellency Ben Hidden, the Pasha's Grand Vizier.

(Crowd salaam —— enter Grand Vizier)

G.V.

I am a crank! (all exeunt quickly, precipitately) Good! that's what I like. I yearn to be looked upon as menace to society. I positively revel in the thought that somebody's afraid of me. If I could acquire a reputation as a deep dyed devilish dynamiter life would be a dream of joy, but alas! my shape queers me and instead of being looked upon as a villain, most people take me for a Sunday School Superintendant. But my time will come! My time will come! (bus) There's the pawnticket!

Hasbeena.

(off) Oh that Pasha! (screams) A——h!

G. V.

There's the one o'clock whistle! No! it's only Hasbeena the Pasha's excess baggage. I loved that woman at first sight but fortunately I was gifted with second sight. (steps off) Soft she comes!

(Enter Hasbeena)

Hasbeena.

It's hard! It's hard! Oh that Pasha!

G.V.

Isn't she cute!

Hasbeena.

For twenty years I've been the favorite of the Harem.

G.V.

It's the last time I'll play favorite again.

Hasbeena.

Until now I have moulded thought for Tangiers, fashioned fads, been talked about.

G.V.

Often!

Has.

But now I'm in danger of being commonplace and respectable But I know the reason! The Sultan is sending to Tangiers a beautiful slave who is to replace me as favorite. She shall never do it! (grabs G. V.)

G.V.

Mother! Mother!

Has.

Ben Hidden, something dreadful is going to happen.

G.V.

Yes, I'm going to choke if you don't let go

Has.

Bah! (releasing him) The Pasha is in a state bordering upon frenzy, on account of his anxiety to see the new slave and his indigestion. I must do something at once.

G.V.

Well do it!

Has.

(bus) Ben Hidden join me in a conspiracy!

G.V.

Ha! a conspiracy!

Has.

You hate the Pasha?

G.V.

Yes!

Has.

Why! Tell me why!

G.V.

(tries to pull Hasbeena to C.) I decline to enter into the conspiracy business with you unless you put yourself on castors. It is a sad, sad story!

Has.

Tell it me.

G.V.

Twelve years ago I was an officer in the Tangiers Militia In those days I was accounted the handsomest man in ——

Has.

Don't tell it!

G.V.

That's right! Everybody humiliates me! I ought to be a door-mat chained to somebody's piazza with "please wipe your feet" painted on my back!

Has.

Enough! We have a common cause and must stick together. I'll help you kill the Pasha if you will help me dispose of the slave.

G.V.

It's a bargain.

Has.

Come! Come! (Exit L. I. E.)

G.V.

Ha! Ha! At last I have an opportunity to be real devilish. I'm so tickled I can hardly refrain from giving it all away to some newspaper reporter. I'll get Hasbeena to do most of the work and then I'll betray her to the Pasha. (bus) What a strange presentiment, I feel as if something terrible was leading me on.

(Exit Hasbeena and Grand Vizier)
(Enter Chorus —— enter Pasha.)

Pasha.

I'm popular with my subjects this morning. (tape measure business) Two inches lower than yesterday!

ENSEMBLE.

S o n g ——— Pasha.

I DO NOT CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

(Enter Hasbeena and Grand Vizier.)

Pasha.

How chilly it is this morning.

G.V.

(bus) Chilly! We had to put the thermometer in the ice box to keep it from boiling over!

Pasha.

I said it was chilly! This is my country —— this is my morning —— this is my weather —— and I say it is chilly!

G.V.

Chilly goes!

Pasha.

It goes or you go! (bus)

(enter Sad. Hassem.)

Sad Hassem.

The mail has arrived.

Pasha.

Well why don't you pass it along. Agitate yourself.

Has.

(crossing R.) I hope there's a letter from Mama.

G.V.

Mama must be quite a big girl now.

Pasha.

I wonder who this is from?

G.V.

I just wonder! I have it! Open it and see!

Pasha.

Don't irritate me!

ENSEMBLE.

R e a d i n g o f t h e M a i l.

Pasha.

Do you mean to say that I cannot add a few novelties to my harem stock.

Has.

No, but you can't mark us down and put us on a bargain counter.

Pasha.

My sweet young Vassar graduate, if you think you can run this monarchy you are mistaken. If there is any intimidation I'll discharge the whole harem.

Has.

Don't you dare to bring that young person here.

Pasha.

"Person!" See here! I am the first person singular possessive case. You're the second person plural and if you get into the objective case, I'll have a third person put you into a subjunctive mood. (bus ——army) Will you get on the other side of the world? Do I get any breakfast to-day?

Has.

Breakfast! Well your highness —you see —that is — I'm afraid you will have to get along this morning with a little cold lunch.

Pasha.

What! Cold lunch!

G.V.

There is no cook in the house.

Pasha.

No cook? I remember, I had him executed last night, but he deserved his fate. So did all the others. I want my food seasoned. None of your "wishy-washy" cooking school dishes for me. My food must bite, it must burn, it must sizzle! Before to-night get me a cook who knows his business, or by Allah you will be a head shorter!

G.V.

Mercy your highness!

Pasha.

We are all out of Mercy this morning. Look to it that you secure me a cook that understands how to cook red hot dishes, even if you have to get one with a recommendation from the old boy himself. Begone!

(Exit chorus and all)

G.V.

Oh this is becoming interesting. I'm a nice competant villain. But beware Pasha! I am a crank and every crank has its turn. I'll do my "turn" now.

S o n g ——— Grand Vizier.

(Exit —— Enter male chorus at back along platform ——— all gazing terror stricken out to sea. Men with telescopes. Women enter R. and L. and group R. and L. all gazing inquiringly at men on platform. Few bars of "terror-stricken" music to bring chorus on.)

Chorus.

What means this strange commotion in our quiet bay,
What terror of the briny deep now comes this way,
Oh can it be,
That we're to see
The famed sea serpent or some monster of a bygone day
Oh horror! Oh horror!

Men.

Behold from out the waves it lifts its head,
Its eyeballs glare its mane is fiery red!

Women.

Behold from out the waves its lifts its head,
Its eyeballs glare its mane is fiery red.
Oh horror! Oh horror! Oh horror!

(Symphony —— Men pull Dennis ashore)

Dennis.

Oh murder! Be jabers! Begorrah!

(Symphony —— Dennis comes down)

Dennis.

(All crowd shrink from him)
Good people all one moment stay,
I'm but a poor wet castaway
Why do they pause and from me shrink
I've made a hit I do not think!

S o n g ——— Dennis.

S w i m O u t O ' G r a d y.

(After song)

Has.

Why you're only a man after all.

Dennis.

Eh! Only a man? What did you think I was a horse car?

Has.

We mistook you for a sea serpent.

Dennis.

Oh, a sea serpent! I must be a dream in the water!

Has.

Young man, you're pretty wet aren't you?

Dennis.

No, I'm dry! Yes, I'm right in the swim! (wringing out necktie) Oh well, a little water won't hurt me! I didn't swallow any. It was very kind of you all to invite me in out of the wet, but now you have me what are you going to do with me.

Has.

Haven't you any money?

Dennis.

Busted completely!

Has.

And no friends?

Dennis.

Didn't I say I was broke?

Sad. Hassem.

Then you'd better move on. We hang beggars in Tangiers.

Crowd.

Yes, hang them!

Dennis.

(pulling two horse pistols) Oh you do eh! Well come on then! (crowd scream and exit) (snaps pistols) Look at them run! That's a good joke! Sure these wouldn't hurt a man there're horse pistols. What'll I do at all, here I am stranded in a strange country and a heathen country at that. I can't even pawn the pistols. They're already soaked! (pours out water)

(Enter tramps)

Hawkins and Dusty.

(slapping him on back) Pardon us!

Dennis.

As you were! (presenting pistols)

Hawkins.

Don't get excited! We only wish to call your attention to a little ———

Dennis.

Never mind. I know you! You're life insurance agents. I'm full of worriment.

Dusty.

Just the stuff you want. It cures that tired feeling.

Hawkins.

Try it before purchasing.

Dennis.

Well that's fair enough. There's no harm in trying it

anyhow. How much do you take?

Hawkins.

Oh drink hearty.

Dennis.

(chuckling) And I've no money! Begorrah they don't know I haven't got a cent. That's a good joke. I'll drink a whole bottle then tell them I don't like it. Take all I want I suppose.

Dusty.

That's right pardner!

Dennis.

Oh it's a mean trick but I can't resist the temptation An Irishman must have his joke. Well here goes!

(drinks dances around stage)

Hawkins.

Sneak Dusty! He's got a fit!

(Exit tramps)

Dennis.

Howly murder! What was that! (picks up bottle —— reads) "Tabasco!" I feel as if I'd swallowed a fire cracker. (puts bottle in pocket) It's my own fault. I ought to know better than drink with strangers. I wonder where there's a cloathes line that isn't working. I'd like to hang myself up to dry! (enter Grand Vizier)

G.V.

It's no use, I can't find a cook. There is but one course left me suicide! I will bury my woes in the deep blue sea. (goes up to C. and bumps into Dennis)

Dennis.

Why don't you look where I'm going!

G.V.

Don't stop me! I am going to commit suicide.

Dennis.

Don't do it! I know a fellow that committed suicide and it killed him.

G.V.

The Pasha is going to execute me to-night so I'm going to kill myself now.

Dennis.

You're a fool! You don't want to die to-night so you are going to kill yourself now. What has thePasha agin ye!

G.V.

Last night he ordered the cook to be sewn in a bag and thrown into the sea and he hasn't returned.

Dennis.

Maybe he thinks it's his Sunday out!

G.V.

The Pasha ordered me to secure him another cook before to-night or die.

Dennis.

You say you want a cook?

G.V.

Yes!

Dennis.

What's the matter with me! That was my business up to an hour ago!

G.V.

Oh joy! Oh joy!

Dennis.

Not "Oh joy" but O'Grady! I was cook on board the Irish Queen but I had a falling out. I fell overboard!

G.V.

You have saved my life! I'll make you the Pasha's French chef at a salary of 1,000 piastres a month.

Dennis.

I'll take it!

G.V.

By the way do you speak French?

Dennis.

Well, not fluently. But I can speak it so that nobody can understand me.

G.V.

If you can do that you'll do, for like all aristocrats the Pasha admires what he can't understand. Come to the kitchen !

(Exit G. V., R. 2. E.)

Dennis.

Hooroo Dennis! Your fortunes made! I,000 piastres a month. Begorrah I'll work a month and then go back home buy England and sink it.

(Exit Dennis R. 2. E.)

(Enter Fatima and slave)

Slave.

Here, slave, is your future home!

Fatima.

Oh spare me!

Slave.

For what? Slaves are never spared.

Fatima.

Oh woe is me! Is there no one to help me?

S o n g ——— Fatima.

Fatima.

Some one comes. Perchance some sweet friend.

(Enter Hasbeena R. 2. E. and Grand Vizier)

Hasbeena.

'Tis she, the slave!

G.V.

Who are you?

Fatima.

A slave sent to the Pasha as a gift from the Sultan.
Kind lady help me! Let me not see this monster!

Hasbeena.

You'll not see him if I can help it. I'm going to throw you ȸverboard!

Fatima.

Ah!

Has.

(to G. V.) Aren't you in this? Give me a lift!

G.V.

But not for me!

Hasbeena.

Coward! But alone I'll do it! Prepare!

(enter Marco)

Marco.

I will protect you from all harm.

G.V.

They're off!

(Exit G.V. and Hasbeena)

Fatima.

Oh you will, I know that you will!

Marco.

Lola - Lola is my sister - is with me on the boat. She will care for you - as I fear I do now.

Lola.

(entering) Hello! Marco has found his beautiful slave. Hm! Hm! Introduce me!

Marco.

This is Fatima. She is sent by the Sultan to the Pasha.

Fatima.

Yes I came in yonder ship and the attendants who brought me have gone to notify the Pasha of our arrival. They may be here any minute so quickly conceal me!

Marco.

Go on board my ship! Lola this is serious! Something must be done!

Lola.

I have it! I'll put Fatima in the clothes of one of our sailors and send him ashore in hers. That will give us a start and give the Pasha a start too.

Marco.

Oh woman! woman! How often you get us out of a scrape)

(Exit Marco and Fatima)

Lola.

Yes and how often we get you into one.

(Exit)
(Enter Pasha and Court)
(enter Sad. Hassem.)

Sad Hassem.

Where will your highness have breakfast served?

Pasha.

Here! I want air! I'm in a comfortable state to eat.

Hasbeena.

It's your own fault!

Pasha.

Can I help it if the Sultan sends me a present? (throwing things around generally) Who frapped these victuals? Who did I say? I've nevertasted such miserable stuff! Send me the cook! Send me all the cooks! (Exit Grand Vizier

I'll show them their business! I'll teach them to serve me such milk and watery food. (enter cooks with G. V.) Oh there you are! Who cooked this? Answer me! Who cooked this vile stuff?

1st. cook.

Your highness, it was Francois the new chef.

Pasha.

Francois, the new chef, eh! Send him to me. (Exit G. V.) Let me get at him! I want my food to sting and bite I want some "snap" to my meals!

Hasbeena.

Better try some fire crackers.

(Glass crash off and enter Dennis with pan and closing on G. V. —— Dennis th throws cleaner on stage ——— picture)

Dennis.

Sacre je suis allezmus ou pour boiee Los Angelis Californy. Who sent for me? I was making one symphony ze oyster stew, I need only one thing to make him perfect, ze oyster, when Brrr! I was interrupted by this round faced monkey. Who dare disturb me, ze chef!

Pasha.

I sent for you.

Dennis.

You sent for me, you dyspeptic half baked hat rack. Who are you?

Pasha.

Your superior!

Dennis.

Superior to a chef. (bus. on chair) You must be ze janetaire!

Pasha.

What do you call this? (showing pie)

Dennis.

This? I call" this" a damn good bite.

Pasha.

What! What do you call this? What is it?

Dennis.

What is it? No, it is not "what is eat." It is, "what is left! "

Pasha.

What isthe name of this mess?

Dennis.

Ze name. Oh yes! (aside) What the divil is it you call Washington Pie in French. (aloud) Zat is one grand pate du torpedo, sauce a la Kerosene.

Pasha.

It's enough to feeze my marrow. You call yourself a cook?

Dennis.

No! You wish to insult me? I am not ze cook, I am zé chef.

Pasha.

What's the difference?

Dennis.

$200 a week.

Pasha.

See here, Frenchy do you think I can stand this diet?

Dennis.

Not unless you get a new fire pot in.

G.V.

Ha! Ha! (business)

Pasha.

There's another thing, when I order "pomme du terre" I want more "pomme" and less "terre".

Dennis.

Ah! You do not want ze earth?

Hasbeena.

I'm sure Francois did very well this morning. We think the breakfast was delightful don't we girls.

Harem.

Yes indeed we do.

Dennis.

Oh ladies ze compliment from your two lips is sweeter than the flowers that bloom in ze Spring.

Harem.

Tra la!

Pasha.

Who asked your opinion. Go and darn my socks. The rest of you get out! As for you bring me a dish that is hot, that bubbles that boils as it goes down or you die.

Dennis.

Here's the stuff will thaw out the Pasha's frapped palate I'll give him a dose of it that'll make him think he's a dead man and gone to his reward!

You are ze hot stuff but here is your twin and may the lord stand betune me and harm.

Pasha.

(drinks it with great relish) Gosh that good! It's great!

Dennis.

That man has a gas pipe stomach.

Pasha.

That is what I've been longing for. Ask your own reward Anything in the world is yours. What's the name of these goods.

Dennis.

It is called ze Tabasco.

Pasha.

Then I make you Bey of Tabasco! Hail to the Bey of Tabasco!

Chorus.

Hail to the Bey of Tabasco!

ENSEMBLE.

H a i l t o t h e B e y o f T a b a s c o.

Dennis.

(after song exeunt omnes but Dennis) I shall endeavor to be an honor to the 400. I'll buy a box of cheap note paper and have my monogram printed on it. It shall be a mock turtle ong rampong with ze motto "colicum indigesti bus gastritis." and I shall give a grand banquet at the

villa Tabasco on the second Thursday of every week.

(Enter Lola.)

Lola.

A stranger! (tries to pass him)

Dennis.

(stopping her) Wait a minute my little dear! Begorrah These female heathens are sweet enough to kiss. I think I will steal a kiss from this one.

Lola.

You can have it but spare my life. Oh sir, you won't give me up!

Dennis.

I'll not! I know a good thing when I see it.

Lola.

You too, are a stranger in Tangiers. You will help me get away from the Bey?

Dennis.

I will that, for what is a Bey? Webster's Dictionary informs me that "a bay is an arm of the sea" and "what is an arm of the sea" against the arm of an Irishman!

Lola.

Do you know, there is something about you that I can't resist!

Dennis.

No, it's about you! Ah darlint you're too dacent a girl for a heathen. Whist! Some night when the moon is tipping the waters with silver and the little stars are playing tag in the clear blue sky, we'll meet outside the palace gate and in the calm stillness of the night, we'll give Tangiers the cold and clammy shake. We'll fly to the land of the potheen and praties and you can be my "ducky-

ducky" and I will be your "tootsy-wootsy." Fly on fly with me!

Lola.

But suppose the Pasha catches us and cuts off our heads.

Dennis.

Then the "fly" is off! But I'm in as much danger as you are. I'm the Pasha's new French cook.

Lola.

French? What's your name?

Dennis.

What was this the Grand Visiaria said I must call myself? Oh yes! Franchoire!

Lola.

What?

Dennis.

Francois! That's my stage name. My maiden name is Dennis. But as I was saying I may lose my head any time. The Pasha, I am informed, generally kills a cookabout every two or three days, and I'm due about the day after to-morrow.

Lola.

I don't exactly relish the idea of having a beau with one foot in the grave.

Dennis.

I'm safe enough. I couldn't get the other foot in the same grave.

Lola.

There's a hair on your shoulder and it isn't mine. That shows where you've been.

Dennis.

No, it shows where somebody else has been.

Lola.

Have you ever loved a girl before?

Dennis.

Only you darlint and about nine others.

Lola.

Ah, I always thought I was mean't for an Irishwoman!

Dennis.

You're wrong! You were mean't for an Irishman and I'm the man!

D u e t.

D e n n i s and L o l a.

(Exit Dennis and Lola after duet)
(Entrance of Pasha and Grand Vizier)

ENSEMBLE.

Pasha.

And you say she's a beauty, a gem? Bring me the gem! Where's that harem of mine?

G.V.

They sent word they do not care to meet the person you expect this morning as she is not in their set.

Pasha.

I wish I could say out loud what I think. That harem will some day make me lose my temper. (bus) You're the worst escort a governor ever had.

(Enter Attendant)

Attendant.

Your Highness someone has stolen the slave. We left her outside and she is gone.

G.V.

Oh horror! Oh horror!

Pasha.

What! Well I'll be switched to death if this isn't a blue Monday for me. From what asylum for feeble minded youths did you graduate? Leave a gem outside! You couldn't do any less for a sidewalk!

G.V.

There is the slave!

F I N A L E.

"TABASCO."

Act II. Scene 1.

"T A B A S C O."

Act 11. Scene 1.

(Pasha discovered seated up stage shivering

Chorus.

A Wonder You Are. etc.

(enter Sad. Hassem.)

Sid Hassem.

The ambassador from the Sandwich Islands.

(Enter Ambassador)

G.V.

The ambassador from the Sandwich Islands eh. "Hawaii." What's in this, Sandwiches? A letter from Lil. Dear Pasha Can't you send me over a good fat understudy to occupy the throne while I go to my meals? I'm afraid to get off it for fear Spreckels will steal it. Yours, Lil." There's a chance for Hasbeena if she'll only black up.

Pasha.

Get out everybody! I want to be alone —— alone with myself.

G.V.

There can't be much society around here!

(Exeunt omnes to "A Wonder you are.")

Pasha.

Now to get a look at the slave. Someone comes! Hasbeena! (enter Hasbeena) Well, have you lost anything?

Hasbeena.

Yes, my peace of mind!

Pasha.

Well I'm going to give you a piece of mine. You need the air! You're not looking well!

Hasbeena.

If I had looked well I'd have found her.

Pasha.

Who is "her?"

Hasbeena.

"Who is her" is ungrammatical.

Pasha.

"Who is her" is business. I wish to be alone. Do you understand me? Alone!

Hasbeena.

Oh, I grasp your meaning. I am no longer attractive to you, but beware Bey, beware a scorned woman's revenge.

Pasha.

Oh cut it! Here, go drown your sorrows in ice cream soda.

Hasbeena.

I go, but soda water cannot cure anaching heart and my hatred rises superior to vanilla cream.

(Exit Hasbeena.)

Pasha.

(slaps hand —— slave appears.) Bring forth the slave. By jove, that little "bust" with Hasbeena has warmed me up for the first time to-day. Now to take a look at the slave. Fair, one, tremble not. By the way what is your name?

Fatima.

I am called Fatima.

Pasha.

A very pretty name and a very pretty girl. What's the matter, do you feel a draught or are you expecting somebody?

Fatima.

Oh your highness, I'm so lonely. Let me see Marco and Lola my brother and sister.

Pasha.

Why certainly. Send the prisoners Marco and Lola here. I didn't know they were your brother and sister. How long have they been your brother and sister? That look has given me a relapse. Here comes my 69th chill. I bet I'll do 100 chills to-day!

Marco.

(entering) Fatima!

Fatima.

Brother!

Marco.

Bro---- (she stops his mouth)

Pasha.

Brrh! I'm gradually becoming icified! My spine feels like a skating pond. I guess I'll go down stairs and take a quiet nap in the oven. (Exit Pasha)

Marco.

But why am I brother?

Fatima.

It was only a deception in order to have the Bey let me see you again. But why not brother Marco?

Marco.

Because I want to be nearer and dearer.

Fatima.

Oh!

D u e t.

Marco.

Now we must prepare for flight.

Fatima.

We are watched at every point. Be careful Marco, I fear the Bey and these dreadful laws.

Marco.

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.

(Enter Dennis and Lola.)

Dennis.

You see it's this way. I'd do all I could for you but I'm not solid with the Bey this morning. I might intercede but I'd not succeed. The Bey is suffering from chills and "favers" but divil a favor could he do me. He says to me, says he, "bring me hotter victuals." "I'll not," says I. "Why not, " says he. "I have no more," says I. "Get more," says he, "or hang." And I'll be hanged if I can and I'll be hanged if I can't and there you are.

Lola.

Well let us not hang around here.

Fatima.

Where can we go?

Marco.

I would that we could go to Spain the land of the olive and the home of love.

Dennis.

We might escape to America.

Dennis.

Sure that's the first place they'd look for an Irishman. That's a part of Ireland!

Q u a r t e t t e.

Marco.

I wish I could see a way out of here?

Dennis.

There's the way out! But every Avenue of Escape is guarded, even —— Avenue.

Fatima.

Suppose we should meet someone?

Dennis.

I'll give them a taste of this choroform.

Lola.

How can we escape?

Dennis.

That's it, how? Now I wonder if there's a livery stable in town where we could hire a nice large four horse balloon

Lola.

Isn't a balloon going it rather high? Couldn't we disguise ourselves as something?

Dennis.

It's better to disguise ourselves as nothing, we'd be less apt to be seen.

Lola.

At any rate let's defer our escape until after dark, then I shan't care if my hat is not on straight.

Dennis.

My hat won't worry me as long as my head is on straight. Lola promise me one thing. If the Pasha makes up his mind to amputate my head to-night, promise me, oh promise me one thing.

Lola.

What is it?

Dennis.

Get me full of cheap whiskey before the execution.

Lola.

Why?

Dennis.

Then maybe I'll have a head on me in the morning.

Fatima.

We must escape to-night!

Dennis.

We will escape to-night though I have to fight my way through fifty supers armed to the teeth with spears of deadliest wood and swords of keenest tin.

Marco.

On, on to Spain!

Dennis.

Yes to Spain by way of Cork.

(Enter Hasbeena.)

Has.

Ha! Ha! Discovered! You shall not leave this place.

Marco.

Have a care woman, we are desperate!

Has.

You are not going to escape me this time.

Dennis.

It pains me to contradict a lady but you're a liar!(bus)

Lola.

Don't hurt her Dennis!

Dennis.

Hurt her! She's over sixteen! She can act without a permit. Hush my babe lie still and slumber.
Sleep baby sleep! (lights out)

Lola.

What's that Dennis?

Dennis.

Begorrah they've closed the town on us.

(Crowd discovered around Hawkins and Dusty R. and L.)

C h o r u s.

(After chorus)

Hawkins.

Who wants the next bottle of this wonderful hair restorer A teaspoonful taken internally will cause your hair to curl until your head aches.

Dusty.

A few drops of this marvellous lotion will cause the hair to sprout like a grass plot in gentle Spring! If you are not afflicted with baldness apply the lotion and the hair will come out just the same.

Hawkins.

Remember a full guarded 18 carot hunting case gold watch given away with each and every bottle. This is your last chance as to-morrow we start for America to join Coxey's army.

Dusty.

Last night a gentleman who purchased a bottle of the hair restorer after applying it to his face and not thinking what he was doing, patted his wife lovingly upon the cheek and to-day she is one of the best known bearded ladies in the business. Watches? Oh yes, on the other side! (Exit L. 2. E.)

Hawkins.

This lotion accomplishes wonders. People who have used it will never use anything else, they're dead! It is the only thing in the world that will remove flies from dogs. A gentleman who tried it on his prize St. Bernard told me that the fleas left and never came back. Neither did the dog. Watches? Oh yes, watches on the other side! (Exit R. 2. E.)

Crowd.

Why they re gone! We've been swindled! etc. etc.

(enter Marco)

Marco.

Letters written! Valentines addressed! No letters! Have you no homes, no sweethearts?

Fatima.

(entering) Oh Marco, the Pasha's coming and he's furious! I shall faint with fright!

Marco.

Nonsense. You're a simple flower girl! Call your wares!

(Enter Pasha, G. V. and Hasbeena.)

Fatima.

Flowers! Sweet flowers!

Pasha.

No, can't you see that things do not look flowery to me. Grand Vizier you must have an in-growing brain. The idea of permitting those people to escape when you saw them leave. What have you done towards getting them back?

G.V.

I sent out all the detectives.

Pasha.

What did you do that for? I want to find them!

Hasbeena.

This is no time for jangling. We must act, act, act!

G.V.

It is not fashionable to act nowadays. You must cultivate suppressed emotion.

Pasha.

Bah, I'll look in this direction. (bus) I've a good one on the Grand Vizier any way. I'm going to send him a comic comic valentine. It's a daisy! Bran new idea, right up to date. Two donkies and underneath in big type "when shall we meet again." It's great just out! (to Marco) Just address and send this to the Grand Vizier. Oh he'll simply drop dead when he opens it.

(Exit R. I. E.)

Hasbeena.

Be patient a little while longer.

G.V.

Why don't you let Fatima go and get rid of her.

Has.

No, I want to crush her!

G. V.

Then you don't want me. You want a pile driver! Hazzie you are a woman, not a thoughtless giddy girl, and you'll not be offended when I say that conspiracy is not in your line. Your specialty is more in the pink tea and church social way. I'm through conspiring with you. I'm going to do something on my own account. I'm going to send the Bey a valentine!

Has.

A comic one!

G.V.

It's an infernal machine! I want somebody to address it. I haven't the spunk to do it myself.

Marco.

(sings) Letters, written, written neatly!

G.V.

How opera tune! Now you will see what I can do alone. Alone! I wish I had somebody with me!

Has.

Fatima!

G.V.

I want this addressed and sent to the '——— see here ——— no, not the "sea here" but the Bey there! Understand?

Marco.

Yes, you want this sent to the Bey.

G.V.

That's it! There is a pound of dynamite in that infernal machine and when they Bey opens it, well, it will break him all up. What do you think of me now for a villain.

(Exit L. 2. E.)

Fatima.

Oh Marco, we are certainly discovered. I detected that old woman's revengeful look when she saw me.

Marco.

Have no fear! Do you know which of these is which? One is for the Bey and one for the Grand Vizier, but they are so much alike I can't tell one from the other!

Fatima.

It can't make much difference. There's a crowd coming and I hate crowds. I imagine everyone is watching us.

Marco.

Do you spell "Vizier" with an s or z?

Fatima.

Oh I don't know! I know I'm silly dear but let's go somewhere else.

Marco.

We must stay here where Dennis told us to wait.

Fatima.

Here come those temperance exhorters. Let us retire. Someone in the crowd will be sure to recognize us.

Marco.

There, I think those are right! Come along Miss Newvous!

(Exit Marco and Fatima R. I. E.
Enter Crowd and Lola and Dennis)

Dennis.

My dear Tangerines:—Beware of rum. If you hear of a neighbor who has rum in his house be there '—— beware! It kills more people than the cable cars. Statistics show that people who drink liquor always die sooner or later. Oh my friends it is a terrible thing to see a strong hearty man go on undermining his health with liquor for eighty or ninety years. Then again it is a sad sight to see a drunkard who has all his life been preparing for a warm hereafter, leave the world with skates on. A man who drinks is never right. He's nearly always left! There's no excuse for intoxication. Why even in a glass of beer danger lurks. I'd take an 80 to I chance in a "lurk" now. We will now sing that beautiful hymn"Greet the old man with a smile" omitting the 14th 16th and 92d stanzas.

S o n g.

G r e e t the O l d M a n W i t h a S m i l e.

Dennis.

Ophelia will now pass around the hat.

Marco.

Why it's Dennis!

Lola.

What's your name?

Fatima.

Why it's Lola.

Marco.

Think of you using the liquor question as a cloak!

Dennis.

Faith we're doing well! Little golden hair over there took in a dollar eighty six since breakfast. Oh temperance pays first rate. (taking bottle and glass out of organ) Have a drink? What do you think of it? Have some ice in it? (takes ice out of organ) If we can only dodge the Pasha. I've got a scheme! I'll present this all day and run the organ for a "speak easy" after 11.

Lola.

Dennis here come a couple of your converts.

(voices off)

Dennis.

By heavens, they're my Tabasco men. Now I'll get all the hot stuff I want for the Pasha. Hurrah we're saved! We're saved! (Enter Hawkins and Dusty)

(Dennis drops organ)

Hawkins and Dusty.

(singing) Down where we roam together
Where the soft winds blow ——

Dennis.

Close your faces and listen to me. Have you any sauce or sinse?

Dusty.

Not a cent!

Dennis.

I want all the extract of lightning you have. I'll buy the whole stock. (giving purse)

Dusty.

No use! Sold out! Only one bottle left!

Dennis.

Give it to me quick!

Hawkins.

Certainly, certainly! Have a small bottle with us.

Dusty.

Introduce us to the ladies!

Dennis.

Mind what I tell you now. Here take this! (giving money) Bring back all the Tabasco you can find and bring it to the palace to-night before 11 and loads of riches shall be yours, twice the load you have now. Remember Tabasco —— palace —— before 11 —— to-night!

Hawkins and Dusty.

Palace ——— Tabasco ——— to-night ——— will be there!

(Exit Hawkins and Dusty.

(Enter Hasbeena and guards)

Has.

Arrest them!

(Guards seize all. The guards prevent Dennis following)

Dennis.

Oh murder, they're at it again!

Lola.

Dennis!

Dennis.

Don't walk darlint, lie down and make them carry you! Make them call the "hoodlum" wagon and take you away like a lady!

(dark change to scene 11)

"TABASCO."

Act II. Scene II.

"TABASCO."

Act II. Scene II.

The Palace.

Ballet.

(After Ballet enter G. V.)

Ist. Girl.

He said I was a fright in my bran new Redfern gown.

2d girl.

He swore horribly just because I asked for money!

3d girl.

He was very rude to Ma when she came to dine to-day.

4th girl.

I wish you could have heard what he said about my bills.

All.

And I think he's just as mean as he can be!

G.V.

What are you up to girls?

Ist. girl.

Our usual occupation, blowing up the Pasha.

G.V.

Blowing him up? Why don't you wait until his valentine comes.

Ist. girl.

Will that make him any better?

G.V.

It will make him an angel. But if he should survive ——

All.

What!

G. V.

I say, if he should survive a fit of good nature you will still lack a method. I'll give you a tip how to manage a man! Now this is strictly entre nous! I wouldn't have mother know I told you for $33,000

S o n g ——————G r a n d V i z e r

Pasha.

(off) Go easy there! Do you want to shake me to death.

G V.

The Pasha comes! Girls remember my advice and "dod him

(Enter Pasha in chair carried by two men a la sedan chair)(Men handle it awkwardly)

Pasha.

Go easy with this herdic. Whoa there! Steady! Whoa boy! You two fellows can go back in the ranks.

G.V.

Is your serene highness feeling any warmer?

Pasha.

No, I'm going to have another chill. I feel it coming. (cold wave flag) What are you doing out there?

G.V.

Skating! The flag's up!

Pasha.

Oh how different is to-day from cheerful yesterday! Then Tabasco warmed me, to-day the lack of it chills me. Just let me get at that French cook.

G.V.

Check off your cold wave for a minute. Your Court and lovingsubjects have assembled to do honor to your frost bitten highness!

Pasha.

Tell my Court and loving subjects to go away!

(Exeunt all but G. V. and Pasha)

G.V.

This is monotonous! I've half a mind to go out during my dinner hour and get a job at some ribbon counter. When he gets that valentine I wonder if he'll go through the roof or scatter!

(music off and enter page)

Page.

His highness, the Bey of Tabasco!

(Flourish off —— enter band and attendants Enter Dennis)

Dennis.

It serves me right for hiring a German band to play Irish music. You can play yaller tunes and plenty of blue notes and yaller and blue makes green but begorrah Patrick's day in the morning is too green for the loikes of ye. Nevertheless gentlemen and members of the Tangiers Hibernian Association accept my thanks for this ellegant demonstration and I must say that Dublin itself couldn't turn out a finer body of Turks. As you all know I've lately been elevated from the steerage to the peerage and I am here in my royal robes of office to demand the release of some friends of mine who are detained in the palace. Watch me now and ye'll see with what respect the Pasha receives me. Shake them up again!

Page.

His highness the Bey of Tabasco!

Dennis.

Begorrah by the way the Pasha shivers the Patrick's Day parade is a frost. Once more! (band —— "Tara boom.") It takes a chestnut to wake up some people. Announce me!

G.V.

His highness the Bey of Tabasco!

Pasha.

Tell the jackass to approach!

G.V.

Jackass approach!

Dennis.

Make a note that there's a kick to you on jackass. (band exits) The jackass has approached!

(Monte Christo gag.)

Pasha.

That chill took away all my strength. You gave me yesterday a delightful compound Tabasco. When I asked for more you gave me nothing but that overworked excuse "just out." You made me for once deliciously hot just to give me this terrible reaction. I'm freezing to death. Get me more Tabasco and lots of it or off goes your head.

Dennis.

Begorrah if you cut off my he d I'll never speak to you again.

Pasha.

Escape is useless! I have ordered new gates on in all the city!

Dennis.

What I want is a gaiton outside the city.

G.V.

Say, I'll let you take my place in the line. I've had many chances like this but I lack nerve. Here take this give him an upper cut and run.

Dennis.

You want me to do it all don't you! You cut and I'll run and I'll start now.

G.V.

You're afraid!

Dennis.

Why don't you do it. You proposed it!

G.V.

You want him out of the way more than I do. If he lives you die. This is your deal!

Dennis.

Well if it is my deal it's your cut!

G.V.

No time for jokes. Give him a good one!

Dennis.

Why don't he come outside and get killed like a man! What's the use of spoiling a ten dollar curtain to kill a three dollar Pasha. Now I have it! You get inside and if I can stick you I'll try it on him!

G.V.

Go on, stick him! I'll go down and see if the valentine has come! (Exit)

Dennis.

No I cannot kill him! He might find it out! (Exit)

(enter R. 2. Hasbeena.)

Hasbeena.

I've got 'em! I've got 'em! I've got 'em!

(Dennis enters C. fr. R. running and looking about. Sees Hasbeena and grabs her)

Dennis.

Now I have ye! (business of wrestling) You'll excuse me Pasha if I flirt with your leading lady! (tries to shake her) Where are they you divil!

Pasha.

(going up) Here don't waste your time in that frivolous way. There is only five minutes between you and eternity!

Dennis.

5 minutes. It's plinty! It's all I iverwant! (bus with Hasbeena —— tries shaking her) Pasha I'll never blame you again. I see you can't shake her!

Has.

Henry Hot-heddam will you stand by there and see me abused by this cook?

Pasha.

You're not the first lady that thinks she's abused by her cook. (separates them) Where's that Tabasco?

Dennis.

Give me time!

Pasha.

I will. I'll give you all the time between now and when that clock strikes the hour. I'll be liberal, I'll give you until the 11th stroke!

Dennis.

You're very liberal but begorrah I think your clock is fast.

(makes a start towards Hasbeena —— she comes back of Pasha)

Pasha.

Fast or slow at the eleventh stroke of that clock's bell I've sworn by Allah you die!

Dennis.

As I'm the one to die, wouldn't it be "dacent" of Allah to give me my pick of clocks. Now I know a clock in County Cork that has a great reputation for always being right! Parties come from miles around to see what time it is by that clock!

Pasha.

You're Irish!

Dennis.

Who told you?

Pasha.

Now I'll not only execute you but I'll get an execution on your estate.

(cross with Has closely following him. Dennis tries to get at her)

I'll sue for damages, when I engaged you I took you for a Frenchman.

Dennis.

Honors is easy for I took you for a gentleman.

Pasha.

(takes up scimitar and sharpens it) You start for the better world from here. You don't mind if you are not executed in the public square.

Dennis.

Not at all. It's just as near to Heaven from this spot as it is from there.

Pasha.

You don't mind if I anticipate the ceremony?

Dennis.

I don't mind if you drop dead!

Pasha.

(preparing to advance on Dennis. Hasbeena is back of him.)

Come, get ready!

Hasbeena.

(starts to go) I think I'll leave now.

Pasha.

(prevents Hasbeena from going) Stay girl! No one knows but you and I that that man entered this room. No one will know but you and I how he left it.

Dennis.

No one but us knows I'm here.

Pasha.

No one but us.

Dennis.

Well who's that behind you? (they turn their heads L. to see and Dennis grabs sword from Pasha.) (Pasha and Hasbeena rush to stage R. terrified —— Dennis C.)
Stay girl! No one knows but you and him that you entered this room. No one knows but you and him how ye left it!

Hasbeena.

(Hasbeena is now at Pasha's right side She looks out and by him to Dennis. They both move cautiously up stage followed by Dennis at his position and not lessening the distance between them —— Pasha has drawn dagger.)
Young man, we were only jesting!

Dennis.

Oh indeed! Well I'm only joking! (forced laugh) Ha! Ha! It will tickle you!

(Business with scimitar. Hasbeena screams and dodges back.)

Lola.
(Enters R. 4. seeing only Dennis —— he gesticulates for her to go back.) Oh Dennis dear I gave them the slip!

Dennis.

Go back! Go back!

(Pasha and Hasbeena turn and grab her)

Pasha.

Who are you?

Lola.

I'm his poor mother.

Dennis.

Oh murther!

Pasha.

If you move a step I'll kill her.

Lola.

Oh Denny don't move he is scratching me.

Dennis.

I've stopped breathing.

Pasha.

Here's a chance for diplomacy. Give up the scimitar and I'll give up the girl and let you both go. Upon my honor!

Dennis.

What?

Pasha.

Are you hard of hearing?

Dennis.

No, I'm hard of believing!

Lola.

Stop pinching me you horrid thing. Trust him dear.

Dennis.

Faith it's mighty poor security but I suppose it's the best he has.

(Dennis lays down scimitar and Lola comes to meet him. Pasha and Hasbeena move to C. Dennis and Lola come down R. Pasha prepares to attack Dennis —— Dennis and Lola turn and discover the treachery.)

Dennis.

(at R. with Lola) Where's your honor?

Pasha.

(at L. with Hasbeena and half way up stage) I never had any!

Dennis.

You've broken your record. You've told a truth.

Pasha.

You don't mind if I don't kill you exactly on the eleventh stroke.

Dennis.

No. It's the first stroke that I mind. (chimes)

Pasha.

There's your knell.

Lola.

Denny, who's Nell?

Dennis.

Don't mind the blackguard. I have no acquaintance with any lady by that name.

(bell strikes one.)

Pasha.

One!

Dennis.

One!

(bell strikes two)

Pasha.

Two!

Dennis.

Two!

(bell strikes three)

Pasha.

Three!

Dennis.

Three!

(bell strikes four)

Pasha.

Four!

Dennis,

Four.

(bell strikes five.)

Pasha.

Five.

Dennis.

Five.

(Crash ——— Pasha goes and opens door of clock showing pendulum still and works hanging down.)

Pasha.

Mainspring broken! Wires down! Off the trolley!

Dennis.

Curfew will not ring to-night!

Pasha.

My, this is awkward!

(Enter Saidee Hassem C. ——— hands card)

Dennis.

Not as awkward as if it had struck eleven.

Pasha.

(Saidee Hassem pushes salver in front of his face)
Go away! Don't you see I'm busy!

S. Hassem.

Gentlemen say they must see you before eleven!

Pasha.

(takes up card) Who are they? (shows card) Big and little casino. Don't know them!

(throws card back on salver)

Dennis.

(looking off) I do! They bring Tabasco!

(Joy on part of Pasha ——— shakes hands with Dennis.)

G.V.

(looking at Pasha) He seems to be all there. But he's got to go.

(Exit Grand Vizier.)

T a b a s c o M a r c h.

(Enter chorus ——— Enter G. V. Hawkins and Dusty and Tabasco escorted by four soldiers. When Tabasco is brought on and during rendition of march, Pasha drinks and divests himself of a coat after each draught. Giving coats to G. V.)

Pasha.

Anything, everything is yours! I swear by Allah! What will you take?

Dennis.

Fatima, Marco, and Lola and a little whiskey and water.

Pasha.

You ask me much but I'll keep my oath though it makes me writhe.

Dennis.

Don't mind me! Go off and have a writhe. (to G. V.) Elongate the prisoners!

G.V.

I don't understand you!

Dennis.

Let them out!

G.V.

(with Pasha's coats on his arm) I'm glad he threw off his ballast. He'll rise quicker.

(Exit G. V.)

Hasbeena.

Oh sire be ruled again by reason. Beauty is fleeting intellect is permanent. I am always here! May I hope to beagain your "popsy-wopsy."

(Enter Marco and Fatima.)

Pasha.

Perhapsy-wapsy! (Marco and Fatima kneel.) You're free!

Dennis.

Well good-bye old man!

Pasha.

Must you cut your visit short?

Dennis.

Yis, I'd rather do the cutting than have you do it.

Pasha.

(slapping him on back) Ah, you're bright!

Dennis.

(fortissimo on a return slap) You ought to see my brother. He's a brass polisher!

Pasha.

(placing hands on Fatima's head and kissing her brow, Hasbeena objects.)
Fatima I did think once that you would be my valentine.

(Slave comes down with valentine. G. V. secs its arrival and is correspondingly interested.)

Attendant.

(pushing valentine between Pasha and Fatima.)
Here's your valentine your highness!

Pasha.

(to Dennis) Excuse me!

(Begins to open valentine.)

G.V.

I'll go down and get the coroner and leave an order on the undertaker's slate. (Exit)

Has.

Great Heaven! it's the Viziers.
(on her knees and hands over ears)
Oh do not open it, I beseech you to listen to me!

Dennis.

Give him more privileges Hassie. It may be a mash!

HAs.

That's what I'm afraid it is.

Pasha.

Hello what's this? My valentine to the Grand Vizier. Well, what does this mean?

Has.

(rises) I don't know but I do know that the Grand Vizier intended to send you dynamite.

Marco.

I can explain. I was the letter-writer that addressed both the valentines. The boxes were alike. I must have made a mistake.

Dennis.

Not at all my boy, you made no mistake. The Grand Vizier made the mistake.

Pasha.

Has any one heard if the Grand Vizier got his valentine?

(Explosion)

Dennis.

I have, he's got it!

(Dennis and Pasha shake hands. General leave-taking when Dennis by pantomine requests silence and steps down for epilogue.)

E p i l o g u e ———————— D e n n i s.

Ladies for you, did Dick Sheridan say,
(He'd always coax a moral from his play.)
"One moral's plain," said he, "without ado
Man's social happiness all rests on you.
Through all the drama, whether damn'd or not
Love gilds the scene and women guide the plot.
From every rank obedience is your due
D'ye doubt? Ah no, I know you're women true.
And I would kiss ye all if ye were here.
(Lola)Dennis! (Dennis) Poet's license, nothing more my dear!
Don't rise ladies, ye'd better stay below,
And let me, here, in your sweet smiles to bask-- oh
To -- bask--oh!

F I N A L E.

Unified beginning
with page numbers!

temporary label

"Act I numbered torso"

"TABASCO."

OPENING CHORUS.

Full Chorus.

Dawning! The Dawning!
The shadows westward fall
Morning! Good morning!
Good morning neighbors all!
Heigh oh! Heigh oh!
The east is all aglow!
The boats come in from every shore
With swelling sail and bending oar.
Ahoy! Ahoy!
Come here my sailor boy!
The boats are in from every shore
All laden low with luscious store.
Come buy! Come buy!
Before the sun is high!
Come buy!

Part Chorus.

Melon and muscatel!
Almond and asphodel!
Come buy!
Orange and apricot!
Balsam and bergamot!
Come buy! Come buy!

Full Chorus.

Dawning! The Dawning!
The shadows westward fall!
Morning! Good morning!
Good morning neighbors all!

Solo No. 1.

Buy my spices!
Low the price is!
Cinnamon from Zanzibar!
Clove and aloes!
Myrrh and mallows!
Potted all in dainty jar.

Solo No. 2.

Hear the fellow,
Punchinello!
Ladies buy of me alone!
Pure vanilla!
Cascarilla!
Here's pimento from Ceylon!

Alternating lines either as soli or chorus.

Cucumbers and fresh"tomater!"
Epson salts and cream o' tarter!
Early unions from Bermuda!
Terrapin to tempt a Tudor!
Try my Barbary bananas!
Buy my Byzantine bandanas!
Coffee! Coffee! All male berries!
Here's your ripe Arabian cherries!

Full Chorus.

Dawning! The Dawning!
The shadows westward fall!
Morning! Good morning!
Good morning neighbors all!

Solo ——— Marco.

Kerchiefs with a broidered hem!
Silken scarfs and laces!
Ladies come and look at them!
Hither turn your faces!
Here are gems of price and of rich device
From the gods of India looted,
I've a diamond rare for a Boy to wear,
And a pearl for a maiden suited!

Full Chorus.

Dawning! The Dawning!
The shadows westward fall!
Morning Good morning!
Good morning neighbors all!

Solo ——— Marco.

Come all who love the fragrant weed,
Latakia! Latakia!
'Twas Bacchus self who sowed the seed,
Habana gloria!
Dames and dandies buy my candies!
Mocha! Java! Jelly guava!
Angostura! Aqua pura!
Toys and trays and fairings fine!

Full Chorus.

Dawning and dancing!
The shadows shorter grow!
Morning advancing!
The sky is all aglow!
The sky! The sky!
The golden sun is high!
The boats go out to every shore
With swelling sail and bending oar,
Ahoy! Ahoy!
Good-bye my sailor boy!

" T A B A S C O."

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

" WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY."

In Tangiers I'm the Bey — I am Monarch of the day,
And my will it is my loving subjects law,
I was born and bred to rule — I'm despotic never cool
I am apt to grumble reprimand and jaw.
For my victuals I like not — and my prattle's polyglot
On the days when things are going t'other way,
Oh 'tis then I tear and roar and I throw things on the floor
And I do not care what other people say.
I do not care what other people say,
I do not care what other people say,
I wear my "swallow tail" at noon and I eat pie with a spoon,
For I do not care what other people say.

Chorus.

He doesn't care what other people say,
He doesn't care what other people say,
He wears his "swallow tail" at noon and he eats pie with a spoon
For he doesn't care what other people say.

2.

They say I am a cad and my form is very bad,
Just because for every meal I am not dressed,
And they tell me I'm a sight of a sultry Sunday night-
When I sit upon the steps in my old vest.

I may dwell in marble halls but I won't make party calls,
So Society considers me a jay,
And my straw hat I will wear till the snow is in the air,
For I do not care what other people say.
I do not care what other people say,
I do not care what other people say,
And I listen with a smile when they guy me on my style,
For I do not care what other people say.

Chorus.

He doesn't care what other people say,
He doesn't care what other people say,
He listens with a smile when they guy him on his style,
For he doesn't care what other people say.

3.

'Tis on music that I dote — you remark my tuneful note,
And I warble even better when I'm sad,
I possess a fine cornet, which I blow like a comet,
And my exercises drive the neighbors mad.
I have even heard them swear when I gave the "Maiden's Prayer."
And they yell when "After the Ball" I try to play,
And they talk about my ear and pronounce my singing queer,
But I do not care what other people say.
I do not care what other people say,
I do not care what other people say,
Brahms and Chadwick may be fine but I'll take none of them in
Wagner } mine,
And I do not care what other people say.

Chorus.

He doesn't care what other people say,
He doesn't care what other people say,
Brahms and Chadwick may be fine but he likes a different line
Wagner }
And he doesn't care what other people say.

4.

I am very fond of art and I take a leading part,
When a painter comes to color up the town,
But you bet your other eye a Corot I do not buy,
When I get a canvas twice as large by Brown.

I've a pretty taste in books you can tell it by my looks,
But I do not read my Browning every day,
And the tales that me delight — well — I keep 'em out of sight,
Though I do not care what other people say.
I do not care what other people say,
I do not care what other people say,
They may sneer about my "tone" but it's every bit my own,
And I do not care what other people say.

Chorus.

He doesn't care what other people say,
He doesn't care what other people say,
They may sneer about his "tone" but it's every bit his own,
And he doesn't care what other people say.

5.

I've no easy jobs to give for a Monarch has to live,
And I am not in the business just for fun,
When the office seekers wait in a crowd about my gate,
I generally go and get a gatling gun.
I've a Bloomin' House of Peers and I've trained the little dears
So they put my business through without delay,
If they monkey with the bill two or three of them I kill,
For I do not care what other people say.
I do not care what other people say,
I do not care what other people say,
When repeal I want to get it's repeal or die you get,
And I do not care what other people say.

Chorus.

He doesn't care what other people say,
He doesn't care what other people say,
When repeal he wants to get it's repeal or die you get,
And he doesn't care what other people say.

"T A B A S C O."

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

"READING OF THE MAIL."

Chorus.

Across the desert comes the mail,
With gossip gaily laden,
From over sea the letters sail,
To matron man and maiden.
The mail! The mail! The mail!
Deliver! Deliver! Deliver!
With kisses we pay,
The postage to-day,
And the Bey may go down in the river!

Bey.

(recitative) Be quiet all in the seraglio. Your sultan's seal! Give your lord a show! His majesty writes :——

Chorus.

Good gracious!
Who'd think it!
Well! Well! Well!
Dear me!
'Tis dreadful!
How lovely!
How silly!
Whyee!

Bey.

(recitative) Well I defer unto you "place aux dames" Aux dames ——oh damn! That's only French for ladies! I'd like to use their slang word for Hades!

Hasbeena.

My letter is stunning!

Chorus.

What way!

Hasbeena.

Oh mother is coming!

Pasha.

To stay!

Hasbeena.

She'll be with us a year,
The delightful old dear!

Chorus.

Oh won't that be nice for the Bey!

G. V.

My sweetheart has written!

Chorus.

How sweet!

G. V.

That still she is smitten.

Chorus. (sarcastically)

Discreet!

G. V.

If Thursday is mine,
She'll expect me at nine.

Chorus.

On the corner of the usual street.

Boy.

Now listen my letter!

Chorus.

We will!

Boy.

I think you had better,

Chorus.

Be still!

Boy. (reads)

"My dear Subject and Boy,
I shall send you to-day ——

Chorus.

Oh skip it! We're weary and ill.

Boy.

Ho —— He —— Now for a spree!
Sends me daisy my nineteenth to be!

Chorus.

A daisy! You are crazy!
We're the "lady of the house!"
'Tisn't proper! We will stop her!
In the sea the minx shall souse!
Boy of Tangier we will hang her!

Send your daisies from our home!
Boy of Tangier we will hang her!
If you let the hussy come!

"TABASCO."

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

SONG OF THE CHEF."

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan - pan - pan!
Let us keep our fires aglow!
For a cook must eat and 'tis heaven sends meat
But the cooks are from below.
Ho! Ho! The cooks are from below. (enter chef)

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan - pan - pan!
(keeps up until chef begins to sing.)

Chef. Oh I am a chef of high degree,
With the biggest sort of a salaree,
And I always go with the family tree,
Chorus. With the family tree he goes.
Chef. My Menus are quite beyond compare,
Chorus. Now Menu is French for bill of fare,
Chef. And I call the claret "vin ordiniare."
Chorus. Oh that is known to all!
Chef. The secret, my friends, I mean secret,
Chorus. Is never a word of English to say,
Chef. Is bill each dish in the Gallic way,
Chorus. Oh he's noted for his "gall!

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan - pan - pan!
(keeps up until chef begins to sing.)

2.

Chef. I as artist pose through the whole "dinor"
From the "potage-clair" to the "pousse-cafe."
And a larded breast is my roast "poulet."
Chorus. Oh his "poulet" is divine.
Chef. I am famed for my "pot des haricots"
Chorus. That's French for a pot of beans you know.

Chef. And there's "boeuf a la mode" and the "ris-de-veau."
Chorus. Just hear the Mounseer talk.
Chef. They think I'm a pupil of Margery,
Chorus. And that is as French as French can be,
Chef. And the more I say of "la belle Paris."
Chorus. The less he'll look like Cork.

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan - pan - pan !

3.

Chef. I'm a French disguise for an Irish stew,
Oh! a cabbage goes when you bill it "chou."
While a "hachio" carries the corn-beef through,
Chorus. And many a bit beside.
Chef. There's my "cotelettes au naturel"
Chorus. For to call 'em "chops" wouldn't be half as swell,
Chef. And another thing — but you mustn't tell,
Chorus. Just take us all one side!
Chef. I serve French wines in a guileless way,
Chorus. Pomard! Cliquot! and the Beaujolais!
Chef. But they came from California,
Chorus. So ofcourse the label lied!

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan - pan - pan! etc.

4.

Chef. Oh I have a power that's above debate,
There is never a monarch on earth so great,
And Dyspepsia carries my sword of state,
Chorus. The Prince of the pot and pan!
Chef. Good cooks are scarce as the brains of peers,
Chorus. We have known our worth for many years,
Chef. And I skip when my lady interferes,
Chorus. Give her notice on the spot.
Chef. Car je suis un chef d'un haut degre
Chorus. He can even sing in the "langue Francais."
Chef. And my accent came from the Bon Marché,
Chorus. Mon Dieu! What a chef we've got!

Chorus. Tin-tan! Tin-tan! Patty pan - pan - pan! etc.

"TABASCO."

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

10th FINALE.

Chorus.

Gem of the Orient! Fair fiancee!
Star of the firmament! Pride of the Bey!
Houri we hail thee!
Come forth oh daughter of the dances!
Unveil thy glances — while love advances!
We wait with songs for thee!
A monarch longs for thee!
Unveil! Unveil!

Pasha.

Gem of the Orient! Foam of the wave!
Belle of the Tangerines! Here is thy slave!
Houri I hail thee!
Thy face with all its charm revealing,
(removes veil)
With ardent feeling a kiss (cadenza) I'm stealing,
(gives kiss)

Pasha.

By the beard of the prophet, a man!

Chorus.

By the beard of the prophet, a man!

Pasha.

Who plotted the villainous plan?

Chorus.

Who plotted the villainous plan?

Pasha.

If you tell me his name,
I will raise you to fame,
By the beard of the prophet, a man!

Chorus. (laughing — business by Pasha)

Ha! Ha!
By the beard of the prophet, a man!
Pa-sha!

Pasha.

What a phiz here, come Grand Vizier,
Throw the wretch into the ocean,
Seize him Hassen — Dan-tasse him,
With a strong and killing potion.
Hang his sister, cousin, brother,
Let me kill him for his mother. (bus)
By the blue of the heaven a blow!

Chorus.

By the blue of the heaven, a blow!

Pasha.

'Twas a "soaker" I hadn't a show!

Chorus.

'Twas a "soaker" he hadn't a show!

Pasha.

Had I caught his right eye,
I'd a knocked him sky high,
By the blue of the heaven, a blow!

Chorus. (business by Pasha)

Ha! Ha!
By the blue of the heaven, a blow!
Pa—sha!

Solo ——— Fatima.

To her blessed with beauty,
Comes many an hour of pain,
Oh Marco! my life and duty!
Is to find thee love again.

(bus)

Trio ——— Fatima —Marco —and Lola.

I am
She is } wooed by a heathen Pasha, ,

Who will give me
her } gold and position,

But a cot and romantic young tar ,

Is my
her } normal predisposition.

Chorus.

She is wooed by a heathen Pasha
Who will give her gold and position,
But a cot and romantic young tar ,
Is her normal predisposition.

"TABASCO."

ACT I. SCENE II.

SONG AND CHORUS ——————— Hasbeena and Harem.

Hasbeena.

I'll tell you my sisters a plan - plan - plan !
So you can all manage a man - man - man!
Be sweet and be yielding -- or so let him think.
Give him plenty to eat and plenty to drink,
If you want a new bonnet ——— entice!

Harem.

Entice!

Hasbeena.

If you stick to that useful advice!

Harem.

Advice!

Hasbeena.

You'll soon have a slave without cost —without price,
You can rule him forever like that.

Harem.

How nice!

All.

The "lord of creation" is silly and weak,
If you only know how to humble this freak,
You'll laugh when you see how easily you can
And thank him never you're woman not man.

Hasbeena.

But sometimes young woman, I fear — fear — fear.
You must fall back on beer — beer — beer!
When presents and cash are beginning to lag
Just let the wretch go and get a nice jag,
While you lie like a tiger in wait!

Haren.

How late?

Hasbeena.

When he comes you will go for him straight.

Haren.

As fate!

Hasbeena.

He'll be quite too full for an all night debate,
And will hand you some money next day.

Haren.

That's great.

Chorus.

The "lord of creation" is silly and weak,
If you only know how to handle this freak,
You'll laugh when you see how easily you can
And thank kind heaven you're woman, not man!

Hasbeena.

Now make in your memories a note — note — note!
How you by proxy may vote — vote — vote!
The man you want beaten salute with a smile!
And praise him all up to your husband the while,
And his rival the ballot will get.

Haren.

Don't fret!

Hasbeena.

He's a jealous and contrary pet.

Haren.

So set!

Hasbeena.

But we cannot dispense with the brute quite yet,
He's so handy to have in the house.

Haren.

You bet!

Chorus.

The "lord of creation" is silly and weak,
If you only know how to handle this freak,
You'll laugh when you see how easily you can,
And thank kind heaven you're woman, not man!

"T A B A S C O."

ACT 1. SCENE 111.

"Francois Lemont."

Oh Island of Erin, far over the ocean,
My heart turns to ye as I wait here alone
An' it's what I'll do! Sure I've niver a notion,
Great sowl of St Patrick! Ochone! an' ochone!

Chorus.

Why did I go roamin'
An' leave my ould home in,
Sweet Erin "acushla" dear land 'cross the say,
Bad cess to that mornin'
Whin slightin' all warnin'
I left ye "mavourneen" forever and aye!

2.

The shamrock blooms bright by the Lakes o' Killarney
An' swate are the bells o' the parks o' the Lee,
The ivy is green on the castle o' Blarney,
But sorra a bit of it all is for me.

Chorus.

The divil fly off with my foolish ambition!
Bad luck to the day that I left the Green Isle!
Sure me ould mother's pigs was in better condition,
The darlin's all died in such illigant style.

"T A B A S C O."

ACT 1. SCENE 111.

D U E T ——— Francois and Lola.

Lola.

I bid my heart no longer wait,
You are its fortune and its fate.

Francois.

My longing heart is light of weight,
And lays its fortune at your fate.

Lola.

When we are parted you'll not fail,
To write to me by every mail?

Francois.

I'll wire you all the love I fale,
Not trust ~~it to~~ to any other male.

Together.

Each to other now we vow —

Lola.

I to thee!

Francois.

And me to thou.

Together.

It is no longer "you and me"
But only one harmonious "we."

Lola.

My love for you is something tall,
And I'll be true what e'er befall.

Francois.

I doubt ye not at all, at all.
Faith! we'll be wedded sure be Fall.

Lola.

Oh tell your Lola if you can,
For just how long you've been her man.

Francois.

Ah sure Mavourneen! that I can —
Why iver since this song began.

Together.

Oh the sweetness of the score!

Lola.

When with love.

Francois.

The notes run o'er.

Together.

Our hearts are ovens where we bake,
Affection's dough to wedding cake.

3.

Lola.

I'll think of you asleep or wake,
I'd die in dungeon for your sake,

Francois.

To dream of you I'd shape a wake,
In death or dungeon you I'd take.

Lola.

My love is deep as oceans are,
My heart to you will I unbar.

Francois.

My morning and my evening star,
Your heart shall be my open bar.

Together.

Oh how jolly! Only think!

Lola.

Deep in love,

Francois.

Or deep in drink!

Together.

When Cupid brims the goblet o'er,
We'll drain it all and cry for more.

"T A B A S C O."

FINALE. ACT 1.

Chorus.

Hail to his highness the Peer of Tabasco,
King of the kitchen and Prince of the pan!
Never again will he know a fiasco!
Crown him with parsley the fortunate man!
Fill up the flagon and flask oh!
Here's to the health of Tabasco!
Turn out the town! Boys, drink it down!
Long live the Peer of Tabasco!

Pasha.

(recitative) Oh Francois you have made me glad. Though humble is your station. Young Pasha I will make you now, a sudden "up" mutation.

Hasbeena.

There was a cook in days gone by,

Chorus.

Cook — days — gone — by.

Hasbeena.

Who took the premium on a pie!

Chorus.

Pre — mi — um — pie!

Hasbeena.

He asked the Boy if the pie was right,
His highness said, "It is out of sight."

G. V.

But the Boy had horrible dreams that night
And he called for the cook in the morning.

Hasbeena.

The morning! The morning!
And did the cook give warning,
For you never know how a cook will go,
When you call him up in the morning.

Chorus.

The morning! The morning!
And did the cook give warning!
For you never know how a cook will go!
When you call him up in the morning!

Lola.

The Boy observed,"Your goose is cooked."

Chorus.

Oh — served — goose — cooked!

Lola.

And for a roast the chef was booked!

Chorus.

Roast — chef — was — booked!

Lola.

Then called his grace for a potion hot,
The chef replied,"Just the stuff I've got."

Fran.

And it went so direct to the Boy's weak spot,

That he made him a Peer in the morning!

Lola.

The morning! The morning!

The hour when Peers are yawning!
For you ought to know that a Peer lies low,
Until ten o'clock in the morning!

Chorus.

The morning! The morning!
The hour when Peers are yawning!
For you ought to know that a Peer lies low,
Until ten o'clock in the morning!

Chorus.

Hail to his highness the Peer of Tabasco,
King of the kitchen and Prince of the pan,
Never again will he know a fiasco!
Crown him with parsley the fortunate man!
Fill up the flagon and clink oh,
'Rah an' hurrah for Tabasco!
Turn out the town! Boys drink it down!
Hail to the Peer of Tabasco!

Pasha.

(recitative) Oh living (or me now is bright
And matters seem quite sunny,
Patina and Tabasco mine,
Ha! Ha! it's all so funny!

Chorus.

Shout hooray to our Day,
For he's feeling very clipper,
To his slave gim a stave,
She's a beauty and a clipper.
Sweetly smile, put on style,
Order wine and make a Carouse!
Dance and sing —— cancan fling.
Merry be with our new Pasha.

incomplete
partially numbered
(not unified)
continuance of
"Act I numbered torso"
Temporary label:
"Act II partially numbered torso"

The last 3 pages are repeat of Act I finale and the 4th from last page is ~~the~~ page 93 of vocal score

The Vizier song seems to have no proper place "I'm Vizier here" No ?.

"TABASCO."

No 1

1.

A beauty, my boy, you are, you are
By the beard of the prophet 'tis so
Like a palm tree you tower in the pride of your power
The very biggest thing in all the show.
You swear by the Kaaba and quote the Koran
And never are drunk when you're dry - dry - dry.
We can gamble your marital morals upon
And you think you're remarkably fly,
A Tom Reed you are — A Gladstone — A Czar!
A sovereign that's rated at par - par - par.
Oh Allah! Abdallah!
Tally ho! Tally hi! Tally hah!
And that's the kind of monarch you are!

2.

The cock of the coop, my boy, you are!
By the Mare of Mahomet, 'tis so.
You are chock full of guile but you work up a smile
That is much like a violet ablow.
You polka by proxy, in person you wed,
Nor need the consent of madam - dam - dam.
But of Mothers-in-law you have forty 'tis said,
And 'tis that makes you so much like a lamb
A Wonder you are —— by thunder you are,
A pleader forever at the bar - bar - bar!
Oh Allah! Abdallah!
Tally ho! Tally hi! Tally hah!
And that's the "bloomin' Pasha you are.

A ruler you are —— you are —— a star!
The greatest prince we know of by far
Tom Reed —— A Gladstone —— Napol'on —— A Czar!
The legal 'lectric-light of ev'ry bar,
There's nothing in Tangier With you to compare
And nothing like you was at the great Chicago Fair!
You'd taken diplomas if you had but gone there
For you are such a dizzy affair.
A Pasha you are
So partic-ular
A monarch that's always up to par — par — par.
We'll praise you,
And raise you,
Pretty high, pretty soon, pretty far,
And that's the sort of a monarch you are!

No 2

"TABASCO."

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Hasbeena.

Hush! Hush! Silent be!
Hear and see! Follow me!
Follow, follow! We shall find her!
Warily!
Wanton! Wanton! We will find her.
Where is she?

Haraa.

Hush! Hush! Hush!
Gently gliding! Softly sliding!
Creeping, creeping — light and low,
Glancing hither — drawing thither,
Peeping, peeping — 'round we go.
Hush!

Hasbeena.

Hush! Hush! Do not stir!
Hither fly! She is nigh!
Waiting! Waiting! in yon corner,
Pass not by.
Hating, hating how I scorn her!
She shall die!

Haraa.

Hush! Hush! Hush!
Gently gliding! Softly sliding!
Creeping, creeping — light and low,
Glancing hither — drawing thither
Peeping peeping — 'round we go.
Hush!

No 3

"TABASCO."

ACT 11. SCENE 1.

Duet ——————— Marco and Fatima.

1.

Fatima.

My heart again to hope begins,
Oh Marco, you and love are twins.

Marco.

Fatima be a bit more coy,
Or we a chaperon employ.

Fatima.

A chaperon I soon would shake,
So Marco, leave my love or take!

Marco.

I'll give you all my own instead,
And we'll be happy till we wed.

Together.

Each to the other now we vow,

Fatima.

I to thee.

Fatima.

What joy to be no more alone!
Oh mark me,Marco,for your own.

Marco.

Upon your lips I make the mark,
I'll add a dozen after dark.

Fatima.

Will you forevermore be true
Or will you do as others do?

Marco.

However far my feet may stray,
My heart shall ever faithful stay.

Together.

Oh the sweetness of the score —

Fatima.

When with love,

Marco.

The notes run o'er!

Together.

Our hearts are ovens where we bake,
The lover's dough to wedding cake.

Fatima.

Will you forevermore be true,
Or will you do as others do?

Marco.

No 4

" T A B A S C O."

ACT 11. SCENE 1.

LOVES OF THE WORLD.

— Marco.

In Barcelona lived a maid,
Ay Senorita!
Was wooed by a young Toledo blade;
Hi Senorita!
With mandolin and castanet.
At night in the olive shade they met,
And each of them smoked a cigarette,
Oh Senorita!

But her old duenna lingered near
Ah Del Duenna!
As a chaperon she's without a peer,
Duen Duenna!
And she chilled the ardor of Toledo's blade,
Till he left the girl in the olive shade,
And for ought I know she is still a maid
Una Duenna!

Chorus. (Una) (with dance)

Hola! Hola! Love has a cousin in Spain,
But there's never a cot where he enters not,
In Spain.
Hola! Hola! Castanets sound amain,
And maidens are wooed by the love of the Don
In Spain.

"TABASCO."

ACT II. SCENE 1.

LOVES OF THE WORLD.

Marco.

In Barcelona lived a maid,
Ay Senorita!
Was wooed by a young Toledo blade;
Mi Senorita!
With mandolin and castanet.
At night in the olive shade they met
And each of them smoked a cigarette,
Oh Senorita!

But her old duenna lingered near
Ah mal duenna!
As a chaperon she's ~~without a peer~~ has no peer
Buen duenna!
And she dulled the edge of Toledo's blade
Till he left the girl in the olive shade
And for ought I know she is still a maid:
Una Duenna!

Chorus. (Una) (with dance)

Hola! Hola! Love has a castle in Spain
But there's never a cot where he enters not
In Spain.
Hola! Hola! Castanets sound amain,
And maidens are won by the love of the Don
In Spain.

2.

Francois. Ah now thin be aisy,
For love is a daisy
That blossoms in Ireland(the shamrocks between)
Sure Patsy's a dandy,
An' none are more handy
At sportin' and courtin' upon the ould green.

There colleens entrancin'
Invite to the dancin'

Francois.

Ah now this be aisy,
For love is a daisy,
That blossom in Ireland (the shamrocks between)
Sure Patsy's a dandy,
An' none are more handy,
At courtin' and sportin' ah he's a gossoon.

There colleens entrancin'
Invite to the dancin'
Wid fiddlers a plinty for taking a part,
'Tis short is the waitin'
An' brief the debatin'
Ere Larry has Mollie tied tight to his heart.

Chorus and Dance.

Oh Cupid's a paddy,
St. Pat was his daddy,
There's niver a lover like Erin's gossoon,
The colleens have fears,
To waltz wid the steers,
So smilin'; beguilin'; beneath the May morn

Lola.

I met my love at the student's ball,
Her name that night was Jeannette,
I came as soldier dark and tall,
And she was a blonde grisette

I pressed her hand and I kissed her lips,
And she vowed no word be true,
But she changed her mind and I got the slip
At a quarter after two.

Chorus and Dance.

For love is light in la belle Paris
It comes and goes with a glance
And whatever may serve beyond the sea
'Tis thus that they do in France

Wid gossoons a plinty for takin' a part
'Tis short is the waitin'
An' brief the debatin'
Ere Larry has Mollie tied tight to his heart.

Chorus and Dance.

Oh Cupid's a paddy,
St. Pat was his daddy,
There's niver a lover like Erin's gossoon
The colleens have faces
To match wid the graces
So smilin'; beguilin' ; beneath the May morn.

3.

Iola

He met his love at the student's ball
Her name that night was Jeannette,
He came as soldier dark and tall
And she was a blonde grisette.

He pressed her hand and he kissed her lips
And she vowed she would be true
But she changed her mind and he got the slip,
At a quarter after two.
just about half past.

Chorus and Dance.

For love is light in la belle Paris
It comes and goes with a glance,
And whatever may serve beyond the sea
'Tis thus that they do in France.

Fatima.

Oh darkies don't yer 'member de ole Kentucky farm,
Dem nights in mil' September a hangin' on his arm
Walkin' in de moonlight: talkin' soft and low
Oh hebben seemed berry, berry near,
Close he held you honey! to his beatin' heart,
Tole yer dat he lubbed yer; nebber would depart
Kissed yer in the starlight; [illegible] yer tole him "go!"
Dis yere little [illegible] you'll always hear ——

Chorus.

[Oh my honey!]
My sweetest honey love,
Oh from your side I'll ne'er depart
My sweetest lady dear!
[Oh my Lily!]
My fairest lily fair,
You've stole from me my lubbin' heart
You must keep me my dear!

"T A B A S C O."

ACT II. No 5 SCENE II.

"The Letter-Writer."

Marco.

Marco (recitative)

Letters written! written neatly!
Letters worded! Worded sweetly!
Oh come buy of me!
Oh come try of me!
Letters written most completely!

(Aria.)

Ho, Mariner, ho! in port delaying!
The wind is light and the tide is low,
Come write your love while the ship is staying,
For the tide will turn and the breeze will blow.
I'll tell the girl of her tar's devotion,
How he longs his love once again to sight
the lass you left shall not have a notion
Of the one you met on the quay last night.

Chorus.

Ho, mariner, ho! the sea defying,
When the billows roll and the breezes roar!
You may brag of your boat but there's no denying
You are fonder far of a girl ashore.

"T A N A S C O."

ACT 11. SCENE 11.

"THE LETTER WRITER."

Marco. (recitative)

Letters written! Written neatly!
Letters worded! Worded sweetly!
Oh come buy of me!
Oh come buy of me!
Letters written most completely!

(Aria)

Ho, Mariner, ho! in port delaying!
The wind is light and the tide is low,
Come write your love while the ship is staying,
For the tide will turn and the breeze will blow.
I'll tell the girl of her tar's devotion,
How he longs his love once again to sight,
And the lass you left shall not have a notion,
Of the one you met on the quay last night.

Chorus.

Ho, Mariner, ho! the sea defying,
When the billows roll and the breezes roar!
You are bras of your boat but there's no denying,
You are fonder far of a girl ashore.

Halt, warrior, [illegible] soldier attention!
[illegible] war is [illegible] peace declared,
To your love I'll write with a tender mention
Of the [illegible] you [illegible] and the [illegible] you [illegible].
I'll give the girl a romantic story,
How her tin-type face has [illegible] her life;
And the local color of [illegible] and glory
I will [illegible] with [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible].

Chorus.

No, warrior, no! When the rifles rattle,
[illegible] blade!
[illegible] in the [illegible] battle,
[illegible] for the [illegible] parade!

"TABASCO."

[illegible] ——— ——— Hasbona & G. V. [illegible]

O Wives if you'd keep your dear husbands at home,
Be neat if you can't put on style,
Put on a clean collar and fix up your hair,
And greet the old man with a smile.

Chorus.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Then greet the old man with a smile,
Put on a clean collar and fix up your hair,
And greet the old man with a smile.

You know there are places and scenes that good men,
From home, wife and children beguile,
Remember the bar-keeper never forgets,
To greet the old man with a smile.

Chorus.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Then greet the old man with a smile,
Remember the barkeeper never forgets,
To greet the old man with a smile.

And when he comes home very late from the store,
And tries some excuse to compile,
With axe or with shovel lay him out on the floor,
Then greet the old man with a smile.

Chorus.

Then greet the old man with a smile,
Then greet the old man with a smile,
With axe or with shovel lay him out on the floor,
And greet the old man with a smile.

No 7

1.

Oh I'm mighty original, really unique,
With a head like a comedy stage;
And the guys that I sing and the gags that I speak,
Are becoming the popular rage.
I've a choice little hit on the mother-in-law.
That might work up a smile or a tear,
It would make the Fifth Avenue stage horses draw,
It is such an original idea!

Chorus.

Chestnuts! Chestnuts!
Chestnuts roasted here!
There is nothing to pay,
If you'll take 'em away
It is such an original idea!

2.

I have got the best thing on the gas being low,
When the dude and his daisy would spoon,
But I'm laying this by for the next minstrel show,
To be sung to some topical tune.
And there is another about the small lad,
Whose sister gets up on her ear,
When he gives her away to her "feller" or "Dad"
I know that's an original idea!

Chorus.

Chestnuts! Chestnuts!
Chestnuts roasted here!
There is nothing to pay,
If you'll take 'em away,
It is such an original idea!

3.

There's the girl from Chicago — I'm on to her feet,
And I have the divorces down fine,
And the cop who a-napping was caught on his beat
And several remarks on "the nine."
There's the clerks who with boodle to Canada hie,
And the Boston girl's "culture" appears,
I say "corker" and "Gee" "You're a bird." I'm fly."
I'm full of original ideas!

Chorus.

Chestnuts! Chestnuts!
Chestnuts roasted here,
There is nothing to pay,
If you'll take 'em away,
It is such an original idea!

4.

I am working up something — don't let it be known,
On the barber's loud gossip and noise,
And I have quite a gem that's entirely my own,
Relating to messenger boys.
But the joke that lays over Puck's funniest page,
'Twill double you up when you hear,
A brilliant "bon mot" on the ballet-girl's age,
Now what an original idea!

Chorus.

Chestnuts! Chestnuts!
Chestnuts roasted here,
There is nothing to pay,
If you'll take 'em away,
It is such an original idea!

"TABASCO."

I'm Vizier here, I'm always in mishap!
Fortune declines to hold me in her lap,
To many, life is one delightful shap
But not to me.
I get the shade when others greet the sun
I have the crust, the Pasha takes the bun,
To all the rest my fate is only fun,
But not to me.
I seem to be society's door-mat
And seldom know exactly where I'm at,
And when I fry to others comes the fat,
But not to me.
The market slumps whenever I take hold,
And gets a boom as soon as I have sold,
To others come the coupons and the gold,
But not to me.

F I N A L E.

ACT 11.

Pasha.

Everybody is coming,

Principals.

His way!

Pasha.

My way!
Tobasco is going to stay,

Principals.

To stay!

Pasha.

Oh it's happy; my lot!
For I strike something hot,

Principals.

Of course that is nice for the Bey.

"T A B A S C O."

FINALE. ACT 1.

Chorus.

Hail to his highness the Peer of Tabasco,
King of the kitchen and Prince of the pan!
Never again will he know a fiasco:
Crown him with parsley the fortunate man!
Fill up the flagon and flask oh!
Here's to the health of Tabasco!
Turn out the town! Boys, drink it down!
Long live the Peer of Tabasco!

Pache.

(recitative) Oh Francoise you have made me glad.
Though humble is your station. Young Pache I will make
you now, a sudden "up" mutation.

Hasbeens.

There was a cook in days gone by,

Chorus.

Cook — days — gone — by.

Has-beens.

Who took the prairie oyster pie!

Chorus.

Pra — ri — ie — pie!

Hasbeena.

He asked the Boy if the pie was right,
His highness said, "It is out of sight."

G. V.

But the Boy had horrible dreams that night.
And he called for the cook in the morning.

Hasbeena.

The morning! The morning!
And did the cook give warning!
For you never know how a cook will go,
When you call him up in the morning.

Chorus.

The morning! The morning!
And did the cook give warning!
For you never know how a cook will go,
When you call him up in the morning!

Lola.

The Boy observed, "Your goose is cooked."

Chorus.

Ob — served — goose — cooked!

Lola.

And for a roast the chef was booked,

Chorus.

Roast — chef — was — booked.

Lola.

Then called his geese for a potic pot
The chef replied, "Just the stuff I've got."

Fran.

An' it went so direct to the Boy's weak spot,
That he made him a Peer in the morning!

Lola.

The morning! The morning!
The hour when Peers are yawning!
For you ought to know that a Peer lies low,
Until ten o'clock in the morning!

Chorus.

The morning! The morning!
The hour when Peers are yawning!
For you ought to know that a Peer lies low,
Until ten o'clock in the morning.

Chorus.

Hail to his highness the Peer of Tabasco!
King of the kitchen and Prince of the Pan!
Never again will he know a fiasco!
Crown him with parsley the fortunate man!
Fill up the flagon and flask oh!
'Rah an' hurrah for Tabasco!
Turn out the town! Boys drink it down!
Hail to the Peer of Tabasco!

Pasha.

(recitative) Oh, living for me now is bright.
And matters seem quite sunny,
Fatima and Tabasco mine.
Ha! Ha! it's all so funny!

Chorus.

Shout hooray to our Boy
For he's feeling very chipper,
To his slave sing a stave
She's a beauty and a clipper.
Sweetly smile put on style,
Order wine and smoke a Garcia!
Dance and sing — careers fling
Merry be with our new Pasha!

Only Act II
(but complete Act)
appears to be a
later adaption
by Seabrook (?)

temporary
label:
"late Act II"
libretto

— Paul Maffray

"TABASCO."

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

"TABASCO."

ACT 11. SCENE 1.

No I

(Room in Pasha's Palace No. 1 1-2 or 2 Practical doors in flat or drop. Porter's chair with curtain in front of it C. ——— Pasha concealed in chair with red hot stove in his lap ——— Grand Vizier and Sid-hassem at R. and L. of chair. Pasha's Courton and surrounding chair. All on except characters harem and slaves.)

G. V.

Your Court has assembled your highness. Have you any commands?

Pasha.

Yes, tell my Court to go away.

G. V.

Here are the emissaries from the Pasha of Morocco. He wants to borrow your gloves and mask. He is going to catch in the game against The Algerians on Saturday.

Pasha.

Tell them to go to the devil.

G. V.

His highness says to go to the devil.

Emissary.

When can we see him?

Pasha.

(fortissimo) What do they say?

G. V.

They want to know when they can see you.

(Pasha pokes head out of curtain.)
Repeat pp opening chorus and exeunt omnes)

Pasha.

Now! you miserable, meddlesome, microscopic, molecular, mendacious malformation of monkeyhood masquerading as men. Move your megatherium nerve to Morocco! Get out!!

G. V.

Are you feeling any warmer your highness?

Pasha.

(very viciously) No! (head back in chair)

(enter Fran. gorgeously dressed)

G. V.

What name please?

Fran.

(with flourishes) The Pasha of Tabasco Esquire.

G. V.

Here is the Pasha of Tabasco.

Pasha.

Tell the jackass to approach.

Fran.

The jackass has approached.

Pasha. (Head appears)

You gave me yesterday a delightful compound "Tabasco." When I asked you for more you worked that $2.- per-day-hotel gag —— "Just out." You made me for once deliciously hot, just to give me this terrible re-action. (bus) I'm freezing to death. I give a reception in your honor to-night. If you don't have a large supply of Tabasco in time for supper, II o'clock sharp, send your regrets and prepare for a long journey: don't pack your heavy flannels: and change your P. O. address to Receiving Tomb, Mount Pope. Now go, I want to have another chill! (head disappears.) Grand Vizier, get me the hot water bottle —— neuropathic drops and a bowl of tea.

Fran.

(with threatening gestures towards the chair) If I only had my shillalah!

G. V.

(handing Fran. a long knife) I've had many chances like this but I lack nerve. I want to do it but I can't. (enter Hasbeena) Here cut him up.

(Fran. takes knife and goes towards chair Hasbeena is on now and commenced her song She does not see Fran. or G. V. and they exeunt with same steps as she takes —— the chair hiding them.)

ACT II. SCENE 1.

No 2

Hasbeena.

Hush! Hush! Silent be!
Hear and see! Follow me!
Follow, follow! We shall find her!
Warily!
Wanton! Wanton! We will find her.
Where is she?

Harem.

Hush! Hush! Hush!
Gently gliding! Softly sliding!
Creeping, creeping — light and low,
Glancing hither — drawing thither
Peeping, peeping — 'round we go.
Hush!

Hasbeena.

Hush! Hush! Do not sigh!
Hither fly! She is nigh:
Waiting! Waiting! in some corner,
Pass not by.
Hating, hating how I scorn her!
She shall die!

Harem.

Hush! Hush! Hush!
Gently gliding! Softly sliding!
Creeping, creeping — light and low,
Glancing hither — drawing thither
Peeping, peeping — 'round we go.
Hush!

C H O R U S ——— Hasheena and Haren.

(enter Hasheena and haren ——They are searching for Fatima ——Music a la "Bogie Man." During singing Pasha sticks out his head and watches their movements.)

Pasha.

Have you lost anything?

Hasheena.

Yes! Our peace of mind.

Pasha.

(coming out of chair) Well, I'm going to give you a piece of mine! What is the matter with you girls lately? You need a spring tonic. You're not looking well.

Hasheena.

We are not! If we had looked well we had found her.

Pasha.

Who is "her."

Hasheena.

"Who is her" is ungrammatical!

Pasha.

"Who is her" is business! "Ungrammatical!" I've half a mind to send you back to Morton.

Hasheena.

Do it!

Pasha.

Remember I can! I'm the boy!

Hasheen.

But not the Bay of Massachusetts!

Pasha.

(derisively same as one would say "rats") Oh, beans! (pointing towards exit)

(Hasheen and Haren exeunt singing, refrain of opening song.)

Pasha.

How irritating intellectual women are, but it has done me good. I haven't been so warm before to-day. Now to take a look at my "Gem." (Pasha unlocks door and brings Fatima from room.) Fair one, tremble not! By the way what is your family name?

Fatima.

I'm called Fatima.

Pasha.

(during following speech Fatima appears horribly bored Pays no attention to the Pasha's conversation —— looks anxiously about) Not by me! You'll be called Tobacco. Anything I like I call "Tobacco." (Fatima excessively bored) I called Uncle Tom Cin "Tobacco" now! (Pasha laughs mildly —— Fatima does not move a muscle) Beautiful weather we've been having. (pause) Did you take in the World's Fair? (pause) (Fatima looking about) Do you feel a draught or are you expecting somebody?

Fatima.

Oh your highness, I'm so lonely! Let me see Haren and Lola.

Pasha

Who are they?

Fatima.

The ones that were arrested with me.

Pasha.

Relatives?

Fatima.

(as though the idea suddenly struck her) Yes! my brother and sister!

Pasha.

(beckons off —— Sidhassen enters) Why certainly! Send the prisoners Marco and Lola here. (exit Sid-hassem) I didn't know they were your brother and sister. How long have they been your brother and sister? (Fatima simply gazes at him) How foolish! (aside) That look has given me a relapse. Here comes my 69th, I bet four to one I'll do 100 chills to-day. (Pasha takes up stove and goes towards exit —— enter Marco and Fatima takes Fatima by both hands and looks in her eyes)

Marco.

Fatima!

Fatima.

Marco! (buries her head on his shoulder)

Pasha.

There's a united family for you!
(exit Pasha)

Marco.

Oh this is joy indeed Fatima!

Fatima.

'Tis happiness itself.

L O V E D U E T — Marco and Fatima. No. 3

Fatima.

My love it seems years since we parted.

Marco.

'Twas only last night.

Fatima.

Time halts when you are away.

Marco.

But it flies when we are together.

(enter Fran. and Lola embracing each other)

Lola.

There are no flies on us.

Fatima.

Lola! How came you here?

Lola.

I was just released by the Pasha of Tangiers.

Fran.

And was rearrested by the Pasha of Tabasco.

Marco.

Pasha of Tabasco! Who is he?

Fran.

I'm the Pasha of Tabasco and here is the Pashaess that is to be.

Lola.

And Michael is to help us get away from here.

Fatima.

"Michael!" Who is he?

Fran.

I'm Michael but I may not be long. Did you mind the little bottle the Minister gave me. He said it was hotter than hades.

All.

Was it?

Fran.

It was! The Pasha drank it all and now he's suffering from chills and furores. He says to me, says he "Bring more Tabasco to the Palace to-night before eleven or hang ——or words to that effect!

Lola.

And Mike doesn't know where to get any more sauce.

Fran.

Unless you darlin' ——

Lola.

Sir!

Fran.

——should help me to find some. Don't let us be hanging around this town. Let us leave it to-night.

Fatima.

But where can we go?

Fran.

I have a cousin in South Boston!

Marco.

Let us sail away to Spain the land of the olive. The home of Love!

Fran.

Ah man, what are you talking about? Sure Love is always at home in Ireland.

Lola.

I've heard Love thrives in America.

Fran.

That's a part of Ireland.

QUARTETTE

No 4.

Marco — Fatima — Francois — Lola.

"The Love of all Nations."

Lola.

(enter Hasbeena) How shall we leave? We can't escape as we are.

Fran.

We'll get a disguise and walk the streets till night —— then steal away and anything else that's handy.

Marco.

I know where they've put my boat. We'll go on board and be safe from our pursuers! Come on to Spain!

Hasbeena.

Never! You'll not escape me this time. (to Fatima) You have not willingly come between me and my position you have been a passive agent in destroying my supremity but I hate you and yours just the samee! I'm cultured but I'm a hustler!

Marco.

Stand back!

Hasbeena.

Not one step! You shan't leave this place!

Fran.

It pains me to contradict a lady but you're a liar! (seizes her)

(gag Hasbeena and tie her in chair and pull curtains down.)

Music

Lola.

Don't hurt her Mike?

Fran.

Hurt her! She's over sixteen! She can act without a permit.

(exeunt Lola, Fatima, Fran. and Marco. enter Pasha and Grand Vizier.)

Pasha.

Grand Vizier you have an in-growing chest! Why don't you go to the gymnasium. Gymnasiums strengthen muscles and prolong life.

G. V.

My ancestors had no gymnasiums.

Pasha.

Yes and look at 'em. They're all dead! Why Ben I knew a man who thought if you simply ate oatmeal, you could lift a horse. He ate it ——went to the bank tried to lift a note (an oat) and failed!

(Pasha laughs a little ——G. V. looks blank —— takes out knife and looks at it and puts it back with a sigh.)

Pasha.

Then he went to London worked in a gymnasium six months

——— sweeping out —— and he lifted fifteen pounds —— sterling.

(Pasha laughs immoderately —— G. V. does not see the joke.)

G. V.

He must have been a strong man. Was his name Sandow?

Pasha.

(furious) Grand Vizier you are a gibbering idiot! I was jesting! (G. V. takes out revolver) An absolute monarch's jokes are always anticipated. The next time I jest you laugh on schedule time. (G. V. points revolver at Pasha) Don't do that Ben it might go off. (G. V. puts up revolver.) Nothing is so depressing as a dam fool!

(Turns towards chair. As Pasha turns towards chair it moves 3 or 4 steps. Pasha puts hand on top of head —— then looks at chair and then at G. V. who is standing perfectly still with a vacant stare.)

Pasha.

I'll never eat hot doughnuts for breakfast again.

(Turns towards chair —— chair moves —— Pasha again disturbed.)

Pasha.

Ben: just part those curtains I want to sit down.

(G. V. starts towards chair —— chair moves —— he goes back and blinks his eyes and acts dazed —— enter Sid-hassen.)

Pasha.

Sid: your monarch wishes to rest —— part the curtains.

(Sid-hassen starts towards chair —— it moves —— Sid screams —— kneels and rolls his eyes with fear —— all kneel. Has-beena parts curtains having freed her hands —— she takes gag from mouth.)

Hasbeena.

You are beautiful examples of lords of creation. Jump up and bestir yourselves! The prisoners have decamped!

Your slave has escaped again! (exit Hasbeena.)

[illegible]

(agitated) Again! She's worse than the measles for breaking out! Call me a cab!

([illegible] .)

G. V.

[illegible]!

([illegible] .)

[illegible]

What are you doing?

G. V.

[illegible] I've called [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] Vizier [illegible] for [illegible] :— at eventide you'll [illegible] a harp.

[illegible]

(exeunt omnes and [illegible] to [illegible].)

"TABARO."

ACT II.

SCENE II.

"[illegible]."

ACT 11. SCENE 11.

(Street scene in [illegible] No. [illegible]
Old street showing [illegible] etc.
[illegible] by [illegible] etc.
[illegible]
with "bits" of [illegible].)

([illegible] crowd Marco and
Fatima — [illegible] letter
writer — [illegible].)

Song of the Letter writer ———— Marco. No 5

Marco.

(disgusted as no one comes to have letters written.)
No letters! Have you no homes? — no sweethearts?

(crowd go up stage.)

Fatima.

I'm [illegible]. Did you [illegible] us.

Marco.

([illegible]) Nonsense my love. [illegible]
[illegible]. [illegible] not recognize us [illegible].

Fatima.

([illegible] ——— [illegible]) [illegible]
[illegible] here! [illegible]! [illegible]
[illegible]!

[illegible].

Courage! Call [illegible]! [illegible] girl!

([illegible].)

[illegible].

[illegible] (very [illegible]) [illegible]! [illegible]!

[illegible].

[illegible]!
[illegible]!

[illegible].

([illegible]) Flowers! Sweet sir! Buy my flowers!

Pasha.

Buy nothing! (Fatima shrinks from him) Can't you see things do not look flowery to me. Have you a license to peddle?

(Fatima very much afraid —— Marco motions for her to say "yes.")

Fatima.

Yes sir!

Pasha.

(looking at her intently) You look [illegible] familiar! Excuse me for saying "damn!" — [illegible] (savagely) [illegible] of Fatima?

Fatima.

([illegible]) No - No - No - No - No - sir!!

[illegible].

[illegible]! You're [illegible]?

Fatima.

(very quickly) Oh, [illegible]! ([illegible]) Oh, [illegible]

[illegible]

I'm such a poor hand at remembering faces.

([illegible] it goes up and begins placing flower in Pasha's buttonhole — tries to [illegible] him.)

Pasha.

Are you in the chorus — I mean, it seems as though I had seen you before. (Pasha during speech gets impressed and pleased with her attentions — chucks her under the chin.)

Look in the herald "personal" column tomorrow. I will sign "violets." (going off) It's remarkable how popular I am with the ladies. (exit)

Fatima.

(collapses) O Marco! I [illegible] longer I should have fainted!

Marco.

[illegible]

Fatima.

[illegible]?

Marco.

Only those [illegible] exhaustion we [illegible] up [illegible].

([illegible] C. [illegible] [illegible])

S P E E C H.

G. V.

(speaking rapidly and decidedly) See here, I don't think much of this conspiracy "combine." Here I have been conspiring several times got things fixed to whack the Pasha and then my courage oozed and I wanted your moral influence you say, "wait till I fix Fatima." (very earnestly) Yours woman, I'm not in this conspiracy for soap! money! hoss-agates! marbles! or fun! I'm in it for business! b-i-z-n-u-s! I've been irresolute all my life, now I'm going to make a record.

Hasbeena.

Be patient a little while longer.

G. V.

You make me sick when you say "be patient." I have decided to star under my own management. To-day is Valentine's. I'm going to send the Pasha a valentine.

Hasbeena.

A comic one?

G. V.

(nods head) It will freak him all up. It's full of dynamite. I want somebody to address it. I haven't the spunk to do it myself. Oh, there's a letter-writer. (going towards him.) Now you will see what I can do alone. (goes up to Marco) I want this addressed and sent to ———

(Hasbeena has recognized Fatima and Marco Without saying anything she grabs G. V. and pulls him off. He tries unsuccessfully to free himself as he exits.)

G. V.

Let me alone ——— sent to the ——— see here! No, no not the "see here" but the Boy. Understand? (at exit)

Marco.

Yes, you want this sent to the Pasha.

G. V.

Now I wish I hadn't said it. (G. V. pulled off.)

Fatima.

Oh Marco —— that's Hasbeena we are surely discovered. Let's fly.

Marco.

You are too suspicious. Have no fear. Besides we must wait for Francois and Lola as we promised.

Fatima.

(screams) Here's the Pasha returning! We're surely lost now!

(enter Pasha)

Pasha.

Here is a ray of sunlight in the gathered gloom of the day. I've got the best comic valentine to send to the Grand Vizier. (to Marco) Just address and send this to the Grand Vizier. (to exit chuckling) He will simply writhe when he sees it. It's a couple of jackasses and underneath in red letters it says, "When shall we three meet again." He's so sensitive it will kill him. It's such an original idea. (fill in —— exit).

Marco.

See my dear you are still safe.

Fatima.

I wish Francois and Lola would come.

Marco.

Fatima do you think you know which of these boxes is which One goes to the Pasha and one to the Grand Vizier.

Fatima.

No dear. They both look alike. It can't make much difference.

Marco.

(addresses them) I'll chance it. (sends boxes by street gamin.)

Fatima.

I wish Francois and Lola would come. Here come those two pedlars. I'm sure they are watching us.

Marco.

What a silly little thing you are. Even if they are, (holding her hands) You can't blame them dear you look so charming!

Fatima.

Oh Marco! (buries head on his shoulder)

(enter Fran. and Lola as pedlars)

Lola.

Philopene!

Fran.

Soft-soap! Shoulder-braces! Hair-pins! Taffy!

(Fran. and Lola both burst out laughing)

Fatima.

Aren't they horrid Marco.

Marco.

Very. Say Francois when can we escape.

Fran.

Just as soon as the boys go home from work and the streets are quiet.

Lola.

How's business Marco?

Marco.

Good. I've had only two customers, the Pasha and the Grand Vizier. Oh, I'm only catering to the best trade! How's traffic with you Mike?

Fran.

Bad —— I've had only one customer a bald headed man!

Marco.

What did he buy?

Fran.

He took a hair brush on memorandum. . Hush there's my chance.

(enter Blindman and lame man both drunk. They have sandwich signs but reversed —— the Blindman's sign on the lame man and vice versa —— Blindman and lame man sing "Remember the bar-keeper never forgets to greet the old man with a smile.")

(enter Hasbeena and G. V. with slaves. Marco, Fatima, Lola and Fran. very much interested in the two men.)

Fran.

Sure the lame one is blind drunk.

Blindman.

What you shell?

(Fran. winks to companions —— takes up bottle in one hand and toy snake in the other —— work snake and turns towards the men.)

Fran.

Chloride of Gold Bitters: cures the worst cases in five minutes. (Men rush to buy —— Fran. recognizes Blindman as the Tabasco man —— Hasbeena orders slaves to arrest

Fatima, Lola and Marco. They do it noiselessly placing hand over the mouth of each prisoner and carrying them off.

Fran.

(grabs blindman) By heavens, you're my Tabasco man!

(Lola at exit struggling calls)

Lola.

Mike!

Fran.

(discovering the arrest) Oh murder, they're at it again!

Lola (off.)

Mike!

Fran.

Yes darlin'. (shakes blindman) Here have you any sense? Bring Tabasco sauce, all you have —— Pasha's Palace before 11 o'clock to-night!

Lola. (off —— fainter)

Mike!

Fran.

Yes darlin'! I'll give you loads of riches — twice the load you have now.

Blindman.

Tabasco —— Palace —— eleven.

Fran.

Yes and Gold —— not Bi-chloride —— but buy everything.

(exeunt and change to Scene III.)

"TABASCO."

ACT II.

SCENE III.

ACT II. SCENE III.

GRAND ENTREE MARCH. No 8.

(enter Pasha with several coats on. He is still suffering from chills. Directly after his entrance ——— enter Marco, Fatina and Lola in custody of slaves —— then Hasbeena.)

Hasbeena.

There are your prisoners. It only shows you what a smart New England woman can do.

Pasha.

There is one thing more the smart New England woman can do. She can go off by herself and think. (to slaves). Take that gent and lady in —— (describes Lola's costume color or something about the style.) to our darkest dungeon. Show Fatina to the blue room. Bring me another ulster Sid. What time is it?

Sid.

Five minutes of eleven sah! (enter Fran. discovers the proximity of the fatal hour.)

Pasha.

In five minutes I'll have some Tabasco and heat or the death rate in this drama will be high enough to make the last act of Hamlet seem like a farce comedy.

(Fran. laughs.)

Fran.

I saw just now the funniest sight. (here describe 1st. specialty. Get Pasha interested and introduce the specialty. During specialty turn clock back. When specialty is over it is just four minutes of eleven.)

S P E C I A L T Y No 1.

Pasha.

Sid what time is it?

Sid.

Four minutes of eleven sah!

Pasha.

Where's the Tabasco Francois?

Fran.

Coming sir!

(Here lead up to and describe 2d specialty and get Pasha interested. During specialty Fran. turns clock back At close of specialty clock shows three minutes of eleven.)

S P E C I A L T Y No. 2.

Pasha.

What time is it Sid?

Sid.

Three minutes of eleven sah!

Pasha.

Gee! I should hate to work by the hour by that clock.

Where's that Tabasco?

Fran.

Right here directly sir! (then get Pasha interested in specialty No. 3 —— introduce it. During this specialty Fran. is absorbed in looking off for "Tabasco" man and does not move clock ——— when specialty over clock is just eleven.)

SPECIALTY No. 3.

Pasha.

What time is it Sid?

(Fran. is reminded that he did not turn clock back ——— he starts towards it and it begins striking slowly. Pantomime of despair and anger during striking by the interested characters. On the eleventh stroke blindman still drunk tumbles in with tray full of Tabasco sauce. Pasha is quickly given it and while he is drinking it he begins to warm up and takes off extra garments.

Pasha.

Anything — everything is yours! What will you take?

Fran.

Fatima! Marco! and Lola!

Pasha.

You ask me much but I'll keep my word though it makes me writhe —— excuse me while I writhe. (turns back to audience —— short business) (to Sid-hassen.) Elongate Fatima and Marco.

Sid-hassen.

I don't understand you sah!

Pasha.

Let them out! (exit Sid-hassan.)

Has-beena.

Oh sire, be ruled again by reason. Beauty is fleeting but I am always here. May I hope to be again your "popsy-wopsy."

(enter Marco and Fatima.)

Pasha.

Perhapsy-wapsy. (to Marco and Fatima.) You're free! Fatima I did think once that you would be my valentine.
(enter Sid-hassan and comes down with box)

Sid-hassan.

Here's your valentine your highness!

Has-beena.

(alarmed and grabs the Pasha) Great Heaven! it's the Vizier's. Oh do not open it. I beseech you to listen to me.

(Pasha throws her from him ——— she falls on her knees —— picture of despair —— puts her hands to her ears —— Pasha opens box during speech —— work this business up.)

Pasha.

There you are again trying to run things! This may be a mysterious mash.

Hasbeena.

That's what I'm afraid it is.

Pasha.

Hello! what's this! My valentine for the Grand Vizier!

How is this? What did the Grand Vizier get?

Hasheena.

I don't know. But I do know that he intended that you should get dynamite.

Marco.

I can explain! I was the letter-writer that addressed both the boxes —— they were alike —— I must have made a mistake.

Pasha.

(delighted —— shakes hands with Marco and joins his hands with Fatima's) Not at all my boy, you'd made no mistake. The Grand Vizier made the mistake. Has any one heard if he's got his valentine? (explosion outside) He's got it. Fatima, I know you would bring happiness to me. You and Marco have saved my life. Bless you my children!

—— FINALE —— D. S.